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From Beginning

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THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE

BY GEORGE SAUNDERS

It must be acknowledged that the German Government and National Assembly proceeded in an expeditious and businesslike manner to give the empire a new constitution. The National Assembly, elected by universal male and female suffrage, met on February 6, at Weimar, and within four days enacted a provisional constitution, in accordance with which it chose a provisional president of the new empire (Herr Ebert) and set up a Council of States to take the place provisionally of the old Federal Council. The president appointed a ministry of the empire, which proceeded to draw up the scheme of a definitive constitution. This measure, after having been materially revised by a special committee of the Assembly and by the Assembly itself in plenary session, passed the third reading on July 31, and was promulgated on August 11.

The new constitution contains 181 articles, the last 16 of which are of an explanatory or a supplementary or a provisional character. The main body of the document falls into two parts, the first of which deals with the construction and the competence of the empire, the second with the fundamental rights and duties of German citizens. Under the first heading are included the empire and the German lands; the Reichstag; the imperial president and government; the council of the empire; legislation; administration; and justice. Under the second heading come the rights and duties of the individual and of associations; religion and religious societies; education; and economic life.

As compared with the constitution under which the late German Empire existed, the new arrangements exhibit one feature which is of fundamental importance. The old imperial constitution of 1871, like that of the North German Confederation on which it was built, was essentially a treaty between the rulers of the different German states. The constitution of August, 1919, is the expression of the will of the sovereign German people expressed through its representatives in the National or Constituent Assembly, which alone and without the cooperation of the president or the Committee of States enacted the new arrangements.

The significance of this fact is two-

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fold. It establishes, first, the democratic character of the new empire, and, secondly, the more complete unification of the German people. There has been throughout the debates a controversy, which indeed was never entirely dormant under the old régime, between the supporters of state rights and the advocates of complete national and political unity. The latter have not achieved their supreme object, the obliteration of the separate state frontiers, the total abrogation of separate state rights, and the unreserved absorption of the German states in a single republic. They have, nevertheless, succeeded in placing the law of the empire above the law of the state. Article 13 says that 'Imperial law annuls state law' (*Reichsrecht bricht Landrecht*). It is the business of the state governments and parliaments to bring their laws into accord with those of the empire and, in case of dispute, the decision lies with a supreme court of the empire, which will eventually be set up. Indeed, as a foretaste of what the so-called 'Unitarists' contemplate, the expression 'state' is entirely eliminated from the constitution, and the former German states are now called 'territories' or 'lands' (*Länder*). It is true that they retain some essential attributes of 'states,' inasmuch as they have their own governments, elect their own representative assemblies, and legislate on a variety of subjects on which the empire does not for the present claim the sole right of legislating (Articles 12, and 6 and 7). But the empire has by the new constitution encroached upon a great many important spheres which were formerly reserved for the sovereignty of the states.

Under the old constitution Bavaria and, in a lesser degree, Württemberg and Saxony, retained a certain independence in the organization of their military forces. They had War Ministers of their own, and Bavaria had separate army estimates. All this has been abolished by Article 79, which enacts that the organization of the national defenses is to be arranged on a unified basis, though some regard is to be paid to local peculiarities. In accordance with this provision, Noske, the Minister of Imperial Defense, has assumed supreme control of all the German forces. The Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian, and Württemberg War Ministers have vacated their posts, and provisional officials, mere representatives of the Imperial Minister, have been appointed by Noske or by the President of the empire in their stead. The new German Army (*Reichswehr*) has been divided into four main groups or commands, with headquarters at Berlin, Kassel, Stettin, and Munich. Subordinate to the Berlin command is Dresden, and to the Kassel command, Stuttgart and Hanover. These arrangements suffice to show how radical are the constitutional changes in the sphere of the army, when they come to be carried out in detail.

Another sphere in which the lines are laid for complete unification is that of the railways. What Bismarck and his successors failed to achieve, an all-German imperial railway system, is enacted by the new constitution. Article 89 says that 'it is the business of the empire to take over into its possession the railways which subserve general traffic and to administer them as a unified system of communications.' Until the acquisition of the railways by the empire has been completed, the Imperial Government may exercise very wide powers in the administration of such railways as still remain in the possession of any of the states. It can even build new lines wherever it thinks that they are required in the general interest; and

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the state through whose territory these lines are to pass cannot prohibit their construction. In pre-war times Prussia managed her great railway system, which extended beyond her own borders, with great skill and reaped large profits, which were partly employed for state purposes, like the amelioration of the backward eastern districts. According to the new constitution the united imperial railways, though their estimates will be included in the general budget of the empire, will be managed as a separate business concern. They will have to defray their own expenditure, amortize their debt, and maintain a reserve fund (Article 92). Although the Prussian Ministry of communications had, under the old régime, acquired a considerable measure of control over the whole railway system of Germany, it is evident that the radical unification for which the constitution provides must have far-reaching consequences for the political centralization of the empire and for the real absorption of Prussia itself in the empire. There is also to be a complete unification of the postal system; Bavaria will lose her separate postal rights and her separate postage stamps (Article 88). It is not astonishing to learn that these changes met with considerable opposition from the Bavarian particularist point of view in the National Assembly.

Of still more vital significance for the unification of the empire is the centralization of the finances. This is not explicitly enacted in the new constitution, but Article 84 gives the empire legislative power with regard to the management of taxation in the separate territories (states) 'so far as the unified and uniform execution of the imperial taxation laws demands.' The empire, moreover, can institute the authorities who are to be entrusted in the states with the collection of imperial taxation and can define their powers. Direct taxation, until the date of the levy for the imperial defenses the year before the war, had been the prerogative of the separate states. The scheme of taxation recently announced by Herr Erzberger, the Imperial Minister of Finance, shows that this preserve of the separate states will now be formally invaded by the empire, with the probable result that the states will more and more lose the basis for their separate political existence.

One of the new institutions which marks the supersession of some of the old state rights is the Reichsrat or Council of Empire. It forms the definitive substitute for the old Federal Council, but its position is very different. Under the old régime all legislation was initiated, in the Federal Council, where the supremacy of Prussia, and with it the personal supremacy of the King of Prussia, the German Emperor, was practically secured. The larger states will be represented in the Reichsrat by one vote for each million inhabitants, and each state will have at least one vote. No state is to have more than two fifths of the votes (Article 61). Roughly speaking, the new council of the empire will be composed of about 60 to 65 members, of which Prussia will appoint 24 to 26. These delegates will be chosen from the members of the governments of the separate states. In the case of Prussia, however, it is enacted (Article 63) that the half of its representatives on the council must be supplied by the Prussian *provincial* administrations in a manner which a future Prussian law is to decide. This provision is manifestly intended as a sop to the partitionists, who desired the division of Prussia into several smaller states, and who, if Professor Preuss's first draft of the constitution

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had been adopted, would have carried their point.

Under the old régime the Federal Council was supreme, although, as already mentioned, that supremacy was in practice exercised by the King of Prussia through the chancellor. The Imperial Secretaries of state were mere organs of the Imperial Chancellor. Now there is an Imperial Government with ministers who in all essentials are independent of the Council of Empire (Reichsrat). The members of the Imperial Government have the right to attend the sittings of the Reichsrat, over which one of them is to preside. The sessions of the Reichsrat, unlike those of the old Federal Council must as a rule be public. The Reichsrat, it is true, can initiate legislation, for the Imperial Government is bound to submit its legislative proposals to the Reichstag.

But the Imperial Government itself has likewise the power of legislative initiative (Article 68). The government, no doubt, requires the assent of the Reichsrat for its legislative proposals (Article 69). Yet it is provided in the Article just cited, 'that, if agreement cannot be secured between the Imperial Government and the Reichsrat, the Imperial Government may, nevertheless, introduce its measure, although it must at the same time give an exposition of the divergent view of the Reichsrat.'

The popular assembly, the Reichstag, also has the power of legislative initiative, and so has the electorate itself. In the case of the electorate, the demand for a legislative measure (which must first be formally drafted) must be supported by at least one tenth of the registered electors. If the Reichstag thereupon passes the measure without alteration, no further plebiscite is required. Otherwise, it would appear (Article 73, section 3), a general plebiscite on the measure has to be taken.

The Reichsrat may hold up a measure which has been passed by the Reichstag. In that case the measure goes back to the Reichstag and, if no agreement is attained, the president of the empire may within three months order a plebiscite. If he does not decide to take this course the measure lapses. If, however, a two thirds majority of the Reichstag maintains the bill, the president must either within three months promulgate the measure as law or must ordain a plebiscite (Article 74). These arrangements, it will be seen, represent a great curtailment of the powers of the state governments in the initiation and control of legislation.

The only other points in the constitution which space permits to be dealt with here are the articles which define the position and powers of the president. President Ebert was elected by the National or Constituent Assembly. The constitution provides that the president shall be chosen by the whole German electorate, but a law has first to be passed in order to regulate the mode of election. The president takes in the new constitution the place which the German Emperor occupied under the old régime, but his powers are, naturally, much more limited. He is to be elected for seven years, but may be reëlected — how often the constitution does not say. Before the expiration of his period of office he may be deposed by a plebiscite on the initiative of a two thirds majority of the Reichstag (Article 43). If the plebiscite results in the rejection of the proposal for deposition, the president is to be regarded as reëlected for another seven years. Like the emperor under the old régime, the president is to be the representative of the empire in its international relations, but, unlike the

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emperor, he is subject to the decision of the Reichstag in the matters of the declaration of war and the conclusion of peace (Article 45). He has the supreme command of the armed forces of the empire, and he appoints and dismisses the officials of the empire and the officers of the army and, presumably, of the navy, although, by the way, there is no mention of a navy in the whole constitution. All dispositions and ordinances of the president, including his control of the army and of military appointments, require the signature of the Imperial Chancellor or of the minister whose department they concern. These ministers thereby take responsibility for the president's acts, a responsibility which does not merely, as under the old régime, necessitate the delivery of a speech in the Reichstag but entails the minister's resignation, if the Reichstag expresses its want of confidence in him (Article 54).

The president of the empire, the chancellor, and the ministers can be impeached at the instance of the Reichstag before the future State Court of Justice. But, as has been pointed out by German critics, and as, indeed, the constitution expressly states, they can be brought to trial only on the charge of having 'culpably infringed the constitution or a law of the empire.' The Bülows, the Bethmann-Hollwegs, and the Michaelises would have got off scot free. It was their acts of policy, not breaches of the constitution or of the laws, that wrought the damage.

In examining the prerogatives of the German President it is interesting to speculate upon the loopholes which the constitution might afford for establishing a dictatorship or restoring the monarchy. In this connection it is important to note that after having, on the second reading, adopted an article proposed by the Independent Socialists for the permanent exclusion of all members of the former ruling families from candidature for the presidency, the National Assembly on the third reading rejected this article — by 198 votes to 141. Unfortunately, there is no adequate report of either of the debates available. There must have been some interesting discussion of the possibility of a restoration. The decision of the Reichstag was probably dictated by the consideration that all Germans are in future to be equal before the law, and that the exclusion of the princes would establish an inequality. The ex-Emperor's sons and grandchildren, as is well known, are allowed to live in Germany without incurring any disabilities.

The president's control of the army, it has been noted, is subject to the responsibility of the chancellor or the war minister, expressed in their counter-signature of his ordinances. But, in the event of civil disorder, he can apparently act at once on his own initiative, 'if necessary with the help of the armed forces' (Article 48). He can also, in the same emergency, suspend a number of articles of the constitution which guarantee the liberties of the citizen and freedom of speech, writing and public meeting. It is true that he must 'without delay' inform the Reichstag of the exceptional measures which he has adopted, and that the Reichstag may demand that these measures should be abandoned. Yet it is conceivable that, if a president secretly cherished reactionary aims and were supported by the bulk of the army, he might go far in achieving his object before the Reichstag could intervene. A German Macmahon, or Louis Napoleon, might wrest the constitution to his own ends. It is noteworthy that the reactionary parties have been trying — without success —

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to induce Hindenburg to stand for the presidency in the contest which must take place soon, as Ebert is only a provisional president.

As a further symptom of centralizing tendencies, it may be noted that, although the constitution of the empire says nothing on the subject, the German 'lands,' or states, have not set up presidents of their own. No one has taken the place of their deposed sovereigns. Prussia set the example in this regard, and the Prussian Ministry is selected by the president of the Prussian Chamber acting in agreement with the leaders of those political parties which combine to form the parliamentary majority.

The New Europe

JOSEPH CAILLAUX: A CHARACTER SKETCH

BY LOUIS LATZARUS

HAD M. Caillaux, during his too famous voyage to Italy, visited Herculaneum, he might have seen a fine mosaic picturing a veiled goddess holding a sheathed sword. It was held by the ancients that Nemesis, daughter of Night and sole mistress of Destiny, hid her face from mortals till the hour when her sword struck down into their hearts. The man who is soon to appear before the high court may profit from a contemplation of this allegory. In the hour in which his fevered dream promised him absolute power, in the moment when oblivion seemed about to overwhelm faults, scandals, and crimes, the goddess swept aside her veil and looked him in the face.

If he reads these lines, he will laugh. No man on earth has ever been more certain that mortals bend destiny to their will, and that nothing counts in human life except force, audacity, and an obstinate will. Hear him as he addresses his electors at Mamers just after the assassination of Calmette. 'Defeated,' he cries, 'my adversaries have proclaimed that I was done for, defeated. Defeated? Come on! To-morrow, even as to-day, I shall be standing in the breach.' And hearken to the words of the same nature which he used to the senators charged with his trial. 'My political adversaries may be triumphing to-day, but I am holding my own and shall continue to do so; the accused of to-day is the accuser of to-morrow. I shall be at the breach — I shall hold my own, . . .' These words of combat express his conception of life. He is not of those who sleepily await the caprices of fortune. He will take her by storm; he will put her in chains. If he falls it is but for a moment. He will be on his feet again and ready for the fray. At least, so he thinks. Let us, then, look at him as he lies in the abyss into which he has fallen, not with pity, for this he neither merits nor asks, but without prejudice or passion.

They say of him: 'He is a bourgeois. He is a renegade bourgeois ruined by an unbridled ambition.' The man

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himself was wont to speak with complaisance of his origins. He did not require much urging to proclaim himself of gentle birth. Did he not avow that one of his ancestors followed William the Conqueror to England? In one of his recently published letters did he not refer to the marriages of his kinsfolk with the nobility? A smile may be pardoned. In his collateral genealogy, a Bouvet de Bronville and a Fournier des Ormes, son of a printer, may be found. *Voila tout.* Yes, let us smile at these comic pretenses. Nothing whatsoever can be found concerning the famous ancestor who accompanied the conqueror. The first known Caillaux was, in the eighteenth century, a humble village carpenter whose Christian name was Lubin. He had several sons, one of whom was called Joseph. This first Joseph Caillaux founded the fortunes of the family. Let us pause at this precious grandfather.

In November, 1792, he did not possess eighteen hundred *livres*, but seven years later one finds him the sixth richest citizen of Chartres. In the year VII he actually spent six hundred and forty-nine thousand francs in a single day. The citizens of Chartres murmured against a fortune so rapidly acquired. But he held his own as did his grandson. He posted proclamations on the wall in which he boldly stated, 'I engaged only in speculations that were honest and legal. Success crowned my efforts; this success stirred envious tongues. The evil minded declare that my fortune was dishonestly gathered. Into what a pit of error have these infamous calumniators fallen!'

A hundred and twenty years ago, the language of the first Joseph Caillaux foreshadowed the rhetoric of the second. Let us see, however, of just what nature were these 'honest and legal speculations' and 'efforts.' They consisted in buying the assets of the seminary and the convent of the Jacobins, and in re-selling them and buying other assets. In short, the efforts spoken of concerned speculation in national property. Moreover, at the same time that the good man was making a figure as a worthy *sans culotte*, he politely doffed his red cap when he encountered a cidevant noble. In the rear of his shop in the *Rue Poele-Percée*, he furtively welcomed and accepted commissions. This revolutionary Janus became wealthy at the double game. When he died in 1820, however, he complained of not being rich enough. Above all, he complained of the ingratitude of the nobles, for he had received no recognition from the government of the Restoration. He had even seen his son refused the post of *Procureur de Roi* at Chartres because of his father's revolutionary past. Thus, when his children gathered round his bed, he tossed at them this last bit of advice: 'Never do a service for the nobility. They know not gratitude.'

Who can say that this ancestral phrase, passed on by family tradition, has not had some influence on our M. Joseph Caillaux? The first steps of his political career concern his contest with a nobleman, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. He allows him to believe that he will not stand as a candidate against him. The Duke, reassured, leaves for his estates in Sicily. Nevertheless, M. Joseph Caillaux has himself elected to the Chamber, in spite of the opposition of his family, and in spite of the fact that his brother, indignant at the lie, writes a public letter to the press disavowing him. The grandfather in his tomb, however, must have been satisfied and turned his head to hear the last faint echoes of the Carmagnole.

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Let us beware, however, of trying to explain M. Caillaux by the variable laws of heredity. Let us follow the more permissible course of pointing out some piquant resemblances between the two Joseph Caillauxs. The first, in the same hour that he sustains the revolutionary, Pétion, hides a marquis in his cellar. The second, outwardly ranked with the socialists, prepares a dictator's *coup d'état*. The first joins with the people in decrying abuses, and secretly dreams of building his aristocracy of fortune, the second crushes the income tax while speciously appearing to defend it. Both possess the same double nature; both conceal under the same Jacobin bonnet an ambition exclusively personal. Behold two plutocratic demagogues with a hundred and twenty years between them. And remember that the ancestor defamed his critics and that the descendant urged a law against the press.

No one knows, however, whether the *sans culotte* possessed the characteristic which marks his grandson — pride, the prodigious pride which unseats the mind. Perhaps this pride is the personal possession of the present M. Joseph Caillaux, and has its source, as M. Daudet has subtly said, less in the *self* than in the *myself*. Even as a child, he waited for his father at the door of the senate chamber, asked about the high placed personages, and was proud to recognize a Caillaux among them. 'I, too, shall be a minister.' Such was his childhood exclamation. The people who gathered together to see the vain little boy in his wagon were but machines which could be made to work by shrieking out 'Democracy!' In the depth of his heart, M. Caillaux despises democracy. 'I am an aristocrat,' he murmurs to himself, poor man, who does not know that aristocracy is founded neither on worldly goods nor intelligence, but on sacrifice. This scorn of others leads him to think himself of a superior race. I heard him once reëcho the famous apostrophe of Mirabeau, and compare himself to the last of the Gracchi. 'In all countries and in all times the nobility has implacably trailed down the friends of the people, and if such a friend rose in their own ranks, it was he above all whom they sought to strike down, that the choice of the victim might inspire terror.' And read these phrases from the preface to his recent book — 'I write these lines in the prison of La Santé in which I have been detained for sixteen months. I think of Lally-Tollendall and Dupleix.' And he adds, 'My country! My country! must you always punish thus those who have best loved you and served you, men to whom you later erect statues?'

Everything that concerns him takes on an air of grandeur in his eyes. At the trial of his wife, he sums up his life in these terms. 'A millionaire from my cradle, son of a Cabinet Minister, a brilliant student, inspector of finances at twenty-five, life opens before me. At thirty-five I defeat the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, I enter the Chamber (*sic*) almost triumphantly.' And there are other phrases here and there: 'A man,' he is speaking of himself, 'whose vigor, authority, and power of will no one can deny.' 'My conscience, I may say, is of a delicacy refined to the last word in scrupulousness (?).' Such is his advantageous style. He does not for an instant feel that it is the style of a parvenu.

I see him now, walking with his jerky step, biting his lips, digging his nails into his palms, tapping with his foot, and brusquely shaking his head. I see him as the judge asks him a question. A tide of blood flows over his neck and head, and the temporal

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artery swells to a thick coil. It is his physiological mark, this flushing of the features. Perhaps a neurosis hid in the cradle of the millionaire child.

The clerks in the department used to call him 'the fire alarm,' because of the prolonged shrieks he sometimes utters behind his official desk. Utterly incapable as he is of self-control, always talking to himself when he reads the newspaper in his bedroom in the morning, and giving vent to fierce diatribes which nobody can hear, and which he emphasizes by kicking the furniture about — does he not display a dangerous lack of equilibrium?

And note another indication — the cynicism with which he lies. To the Senatorial Commission, in 1911, he pledges his honor that there have been no secret negotiations. Being soon confronted with proofs, he is not at all embarrassed. At his wife's trial, he declares that the green documents are forgeries, whereas, he has just stated the contrary. When he gives his explanation about Bolo's letters, he makes false statements which the very documents themselves contradict.

This is no statesman. He has neither the cool logic nor the profound reflection of one. He is a politician, distinguished from other politicians only by his monstrous lust of power. And all tools are good in his eyes. Suppose you reproach him with his connection with Almereyda, Bolo, and so many others of his gang? He despises them as he despises all men. 'To think that one must consort with such fellows!' he said one day — not on leaving Bolo's house, but on coming from a reception given by the President of the Chamber. He was there, and 'those fellows,' too; that is to say, everybody. He will love them if they serve him faithfully. If not, he will try to crush them. From the pedestal of vanity on which he has taken his stand, he sees at his feet only a confused mob, in which there is nothing to differentiate one man from another — not even honor.

Le Figaro

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ANTI-BRITISH FEELING IN AMERICA

Most Englishmen would say that they deserved and had earned the good opinion of the United States. The conviction that it is necessary for the future peace of the world that the two great nations with Anglo-Saxon ideals should work side by side, if not universal in Great Britain, has vastly spread. That conviction is now one of the cardinal points of our statesmanship. Yet just at the moment when Englishmen not only admit the necessity of such coöperation, but fancy that events have made it easy, we are faced by the paradoxical fact — for fact we take it to be — that there is a fresh tide of anti-British feeling in the United States. Let us say at once that we do not believe for a moment that this tide will engulf our fondest hopes. It will pass away, and the British Empire and the United States will understand each other all the better in the end. The best minds in both countries are working for that result. But nothing would be more foolish than to mistake the reality of these successive tides of anti-British feeling. If they are ignored they may effect the destruction which they will be powerless to effect if we understand their force and treat them with the necessary seriousness.

There was one tide of anti-British feeling, and a very grave one it was, early in the war, just when the British people hoped that their motives in rushing to the rescue of Belgium, and interposing themselves between Belgium and France on the one side and the hatred of Germany on the other, would be understood and appreciated in America. At that time a number of Americans, instead of saying a word of encouragement to European civilization fighting for its life — as it had not fought for it since Napoleonic days — preferred to stick pins into Great Britain as an unscrupulous interferer with neutral trade. As we said at the time, the American point of view was at least intelligible. The United States, as the greatest of neutrals, has always stood out as the champion of neutral rights. It seemed to President Wilson and to his great following of Americans that the British blockade of Germany was doing an injustice to all neutrals, and the President allowed his feelings on this subject for the time being to push into the background all the detestation and scorn which he, of course, harbored in his own mind against the conduct of Germany. But think how it struck Englishmen. They did not ask that America should come into the war, but they did expect that America would utter some official word of understanding and encouragement to those who were thus early trying 'to make the world safe for democracy.' They would have been satisfied, or at least somewhat appeased, in those days if Mr. Wilson had denounced Germany for tearing up treaties and disregarding all the humane rules and customs of war. But no such word came. The strained relations between America and ourselves might have turned — for things were drifting that way — into a disastrous severance or a still more disastrous conflict if Germany had not fortunately played her hand so badly that she soon made it plain to all Americans that they must stand positively on our side.

When the danger passed it passed completely, and it is disappointing

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now, when we hoped that the sky had finally cleared, that it is once more overcast. Even persistent readers of British newspapers may well be puzzled to know what is the exact cause of the present anti-British feeling in America. We cannot do better than quote from a letter which we have received from a valued American reader of the *Spectator*. He writes:

I have been much interested in the earnest endeavor of the *Spectator* to maintain cordial relations between England and the United States, an endeavor with which I most heartily sympathize. But may I be permitted to express a point of view which does not find a voice in your correspondence columns, but which I think you would do well to bear in mind in continuing your laudable policy of fostering good feeling between our two nations?

The officially announced war programme of the United States, as expressed in President Wilson's speeches, was that we entered the war to end war, to help to establish a *lasting* peace. We did not enter it to acquire new territory either directly *or indirectly*, or to gain new markets. The Entente *officially* professed the same high aims. But at the very time these professions were being publicly made, the secret treaties, about which the *Spectator* has had very little to say, were being negotiated. In these treaties the world, outside of the Americas, was being parceled out between England, France, Italy, and Japan, and these treaties 'for substance of doctrine' are now found in the Treaty of Versailles.

The League of Nations in its present form is dominated, as everyone knows, by the four nations just mentioned and the United States, and the United States, whose resources have been less touched than the resources of any other fighting nation, with the possible exception of Japan, is practically asked to underwrite the treaty through the League of Nations. Mr. Wilson in his recent speeches emphasized the fact that the League of Nations was an *instrument to enforce* the treaty. Two parties in this country are increasingly opposed to such a settlement. There is the very conservative element which is just waking up to the fact, which should have been clear to them when we entered the war, that the United States by this League would become hopelessly entangled in quarrels which we do not understand, and with which we have, strictly speaking, nothing to do. We have just been reminded by General Garibaldi, anent Fiume, that 'Europeans must be allowed to settle European questions.' In proportion as the treaty is an unworkable treaty (see Senator Knox's speech) the League ties us up to impossible European conditions. This conservative element, which is nationalistic rather than idealistic, is also increasingly jealous of the immense accession of territory and power which the four nations, and especially England, have received as the fruits of victory. The thoroughgoing Nationalists among us are, therefore, disposed to indulge in the old trick of 'twisting the British Lion's tail.'

On the other hand, the more advanced liberal sentiment, which is idealistic and more or less internationalist, is disappointed beyond expression at what it regards as the almost complete failure of President Wilson at Paris to carry out his own idealistic policy. This sentiment regards the treaty as a guaranty of another world war, and, therefore, the liberals among us are genuinely opposed to the League of Nations, whose function is to 'enforce the treaty.' I call your attention to the attitude of the *New Republic* in this connection. It was one of the warmest supporters of President Wilson throughout the war. But it has now repudiated his policies since the armistice.

The *Spectator* has steadily stood for the policy of a dictated peace — in other words, a peace of force. Did it ever occur to you, I respectfully ask, that *the natural consequences of such a peace* might very easily lead, as indeed they are now doing, to a certain strain in the relations between the United States and England, which in the end might prove really serious? Is this price not a rather high price to pay for the privilege of forcing upon the defeated Central Powers a peace that may be denominated by some a peace of justice, but which has not one element in it that makes for the healing of the nations? You have now the peace you demanded, but you have done so at the risk of alienating both the conservatives and the idealists in the United States — a most unfortunate result for the good relations which you, as well as I, would like to see preserved between mother and daughter.

If that letter does not cover the whole ground, it at all events covers a

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great deal of it from the American point of view. We must express our gratitude for the temper and reasonableness with which our correspondent has written. If our fraternal disputes could be conducted in that manner there would be no danger. Such a letter demands a reply in a similar temper. Let us try, though we must be very brief, to give it.

The whole of our correspondent's case may be summarized by saying that a growing American opinion accuses Great Britain of having been 'on the make,' or of wishing to act vindictively toward Germany. The sense of our answer, which at least will be a perfectly sincere one, is that the last thought in the minds of British people when they went to war with Germany was one of self-aggrandizement, and that no reputable statesman or soldier or sailor, or indeed any wholly rational person here, wants to treat Germany vindictively. It is quite another matter and a perfectly just thing to say that Germany must pay the penalty of crime like any other criminal. But we may take out correspondent's points in order. He complains of the secret treaties. We do not defend secret treaties as such, but it must be remembered that they belong to an order of the world which can now be abolished *only if the League of Nations comes into force*, and, unhappily, Americans, for their various reasons, are very slow in helping us to get the League to work. We would ask our correspondent to reflect upon the circumstances in which the secret treaties were made. The Allies, insufficiently prepared for war, were being set upon by the best prepared and most determined aggressor in the world. They were rather in the position of a man who is set upon in a dark street by roughs, and who, in order to save his life and his property, accepts help quickly upon the terms on which it is offered. We are putting our case on the lowest grounds for the purpose of argument; but we do not admit that there was anything in the secret treaties for which we ought to apologize. But suppose there were regrettable things in these secret treaties, does our correspondent think that we should have let Germany win rather than sign them? If, however, he admits that the help was necessary to defeat Germany and save the world, he will find it difficult, we think, not to admit that when terms are proposed on one side they must be met by terms on the other side, so far as the nation which has asked for help is in a position to suggest or impose terms for itself. It is always better when the final settlement comes to have a setoff against any payments which will be demanded. That is a matter of ordinary prudence, and it is a misjudgment of the whole situation to say that the British people at any stage of the war had their eye upon territorial loot. If America had come into the war at the beginning, there might have been no secret treaties.

Our correspondent goes on to talk about the 'parceling out' of territory among the victors. But what does this parceling out amount to? Does our correspondent seriously mean to imply that the German colonies should have been returned to Germany? Surely, if he shares the ordinary humane feeling of Americans, he must admit that Germany had proved herself utterly unfitted to govern savage or backward races. What, then, was to be done with the German colonies? Mr. Wilson, inspired by General Smuts and others, proposed that, in order to avoid annexations, the nations which became responsible for governing backward or imperfectly settled countries should do so under mandates from the League of Nations. We do not know whether

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Americans conceive a fraction of the injury which was done to the pride of Great Britain in accepting this system of mandates. We imagine that they cannot. Ever since the time of Chatham, Great Britain has taken a particular pride in her variety of overseas forms of administration. In this matter we fondly thought we had something to show the world. It would be foolish for us to boast, but if we were asked for any proof that our rule has been acceptable, we would point to the way in which men of every race and every color within the British Empire thronged to the help of the Mother Country in the Boer War, and again, and much more notably, in the recent Great War. For the purpose of his argument our correspondent seems to regard the acceptance by the British Empire of mandates in German East Africa, in German Southwest Africa, and in Mesopotamia as tantamount to annexation. He has apparently left out of account the League of Nations. If the League thinks that there would be any more proficient, more humane, or more suitable mandatory in any of these lands, the League can say so. We imagine that no British Imperial Government and no British Dominion Government, having agreed unreservedly to the creation of the League of Nations, will dispute its authority. Events, or a British aptitude necessarily derived from long experience, have required the British Empire to accept new responsibilities. British people in the mass do not want these responsibilities. They are unpopular. There is no more thought of annexation in British minds than there was a desire for fresh possessions in the minds of Americans when the Washington Government landed a military force in San Domingo in 1916 and took over the government of that country. This was necessary for the peace and quiet of that part of the world and for the safety of life and property. The American Government was quite right to act as it did.

As though to make the irony of anti-British feeling in America more poignant to us, our correspondent uses a phrase about the United States being asked to 'underwrite' the Treaty of Peace. How different it all looks from the British point of view! As Englishmen see the matter, Mr. Wilson, having earned our deepest gratitude by leading the American nation to the help of the Allies, in effect told us that he would then proceed to show the peoples of the ancient world how to manage their affairs. He was the author of the Fourteen Points which were the basis of the Peace Treaty. He was the inspirer, if not the sole author, of the League of Nations. But now Englishmen find that while they and their European Allies have settled down to try to work the League of Nations (which, but for Mr. Wilson, they might never have heard of, and almost certainly would not have accepted), Americans are saying that in this great new game they will not take a hand. In vain we suggest an American mandate at Constantinople, or in unhappy, groaning Armenia, or in Palestine, or in Africa. So far from consenting to the proposal, America delays the working of the whole scheme which her chief representative invented. To say that the peace is a 'dictated peace' explains or justifies nothing, for it was dictated — as in our opinion it had to be — as nearly as possible in accordance with Mr. Wilson's own wishes. Of course, the treaty was the resultant of many conflicting forces, but when that resultant had been reached Mr. Wilson definitely expressed his approval of it. American delay in ratifying the Peace Treaty has been both a surprise and a disappoint-

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ment here. We wish that America could see her way to ratify it as soon as possible, with the addition of whatever interpretative reservations may be thought necessary — these might be valuable to us all — and then work the League of Nations for all it is worth. The whole settlement is but a framework. Under the League of Nations it is capable of indefinite alteration. By means of the League of Nations every cause of suspicion against Great Britain, just or unjust, could be removed. We trust that our American readers will not think we have written too plainly. We have written exactly what was in our mind, in the strong belief that as between America and ourselves it is despicable and silly to avoid the truth.

The Spectator

THACKERAY IN FRANCE

BY LEWIS MELVILLE

THACKERAY once asked a friend if he loved the play, and the friend answered that he enjoyed a good play, whereupon the great man retorted: 'Oh, get out. You don't even understand what I mean. I said "the play."' This was Thackeray's attitude toward France, and especially toward Paris. He loved France as much as any English author, not Sterne more. He loved it, not for any of its parts, but as a whole, and he loved it all his life long. Even though on occasions he worked hard, there was pleasure in his heart whenever he was in the French capital. He always went there in holiday mood. He loved the people and the place and the language. To the end he delighted in interlarding his letters with French phrases, and when in high spirits he wrote humorous letters in French to his intimates. The astonishing thing is that he never wrote, or even attempted to write, a book in French, as did Beckford and Oscar Wilde: he contented himself with translating a few of Béranger's verses — *Le Roy d'Yvetot*, *Le Grenier*, *Roger Bontemps*, and *Le Bon Ange*. He did, however, write much about France, especially in his young days, for *Fraser's Magazine* and other periodicals, taking for his subject French novels, plays, and pictures, and the artistic world of the Quartier Latin.

Thackeray first made acquaintance with France at the age of eighteen, when he was at Cambridge, and ran over to Paris on a visit to his lifelong friend, Edward FitzGerald. As he went there surreptitiously, there is no record of the visit in his letters; but more than thirty years later he recalled the incident in that charming 'Roundabout Paper,' bearing the title 'Dessein's.' He traveled by way of Calais, and put up at the 'charming old Hôtel Dessein, with its court, its garden, its lordly kitchen, its princely waiter — a gentleman of the old school who has welcomed the finest company in Europe.' There he conjured up, as all the reading world well remembers, the meeting of the ghosts of Sterne, Brum-

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mell, and 'old Mr. Eustace, Master of St. Peter's.' Of this visit he wrote:

I remember as a boy, at the Ship at Dover (*imperante Carolo Decimo*), when, my place to London being paid, I had but 12*s*. left after a certain little Paris excursion (about which my benighted parents never knew anything), ordering for dinner a whiting, a beefsteak, and a glass of negus, and the bill was: dinner, 7*s*., glass of negus, 2*s*., waiter, 6*d*., and only half a crown left, as I was a sinner, for the guard and coachman to London! And I *was* a sinner. I had gone without leave. What a long, dreary, guilty forty hours' journey it was from Paris to Calais, I remember! How did I come to think of this escapade, which occurred in the Easter vacation of 1830? I always think of it when I am traveling to Calais. Guilt, sir, guilt remains stamped on the memory, and I feel easier in my mind now that it is liberated of this old peccadillo. I met my college tutor only yesterday. We were traveling, and stopped at the same hotel. He had the very next room to mine. After he had gone into his apartment, having shaken me quite kindly by the hand, I felt inclined to knock at his door, and say, 'Dr. Bentley, I beg your pardon, but do you remember, when I was going down at the Easter vacation in 1830, you asked me where I was going to spend my vacation? And I said, with my friend Slingsby, in Huntingdonshire. Well, sir, I grieve to have to confess that I told you a fib. I had got £20 and was going for a lark to Paris, where my friend Edward was staying.' There, it is out. The Doctor will read it, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge.

Thackeray was again in Paris in 1831, this time openly and unashamed, on his way to Weimar, and again on his way home. When he came of age and abandoned all pretense of reading for the Bar, he stayed there for a while, learning to speak the language fluently, studying drawing, and visiting the theatres. He studied painting, first under Brine, the well-known impressionist artist, and then under that favorite pupil of David, Gros, who committed suicide in January 1833. He wrote home that he was satisfied with his progress, and hoped in a year, if he worked hard, to paint something worth looking at; but he naïvely told his mother that it would require at least that time to gain any readiness with his brush. Abraham Hayward has recorded that he used to see Thackeray day after day engaged in copying pictures in the Louvre, in order to qualify himself for his intended profession.

In those early days Thackeray stayed at first with his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Butler, and with other relations and friends, until he rented a room for himself in the Rue des Beaux Arts. He was a welcome visitor at the house of Eyre Evans Crowe, the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, the father of Joseph and Eyre.

Once a week, on Saturdays, my mother received guests in the evening [Sir Joseph Crowe has written]. My mother at her evenings made everyone laugh by playing Irish jigs or Scotch reels, or accompanying on the piano Methfessel's students' songs and choruses, the supreme enjoyment being a song from Thackeray.

In a book called *The Stones of Paris* there is a reference to the future novelist:

This Hugo home in Rue des Petits-Augustins, rising right in front of all who came along Rue des Beaux Arts, was a familiar sight to a young Englishman. . . . His name was William Makepeace Thackeray, and he was lodging in this latter street among other students of the Latin Quarter, and trying to make a passable artist with the material given him by nature for the making of an unsurpassable author. His way lay in front of the old 'Abbaye,' each time he went to or fro from the school or his modest restaurant. Théron was the host of this cheap feeding place, esteemed by art students, on the northern side of the old Rue des Boucheries, of which this side and some of its buildings have been saved, while the street itself has been carried away in the wider stream of the Boulevard Saint-Germain. There at

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No. 160, you will find the same restaurant, under the same name on the sign, and the same room, swarming with students as during 'Thackeray's days in Paris.'

Thackeray moved with delight in the Bohemian circles of the young artists, and in *The Paris Sketch Book* wrote pleasantly of his companions:

> The life of the young artist is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest existence possible [he wrote]. He comes to Paris probably at sixteen, from his province; his parents settle forty pounds a year on him, and pay his master; he establishes himself in the Pays Latin, or in the quarter of Notre Dame de Lorette (which is quite peopled with painters); he arrives at his *atelier* at a tolerably early hour, and labors among a score of companions as merry and as poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favorite tobacco pipe; and the pictures are painted in the midst of a cloud of smoke, and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea who has not been present at such an assembly. How he passes his evenings, at what theatres, at what guinguettes, in company with what seducing little milliner, there is no need to say. . . . These young men (together with the students of sciences) comported themselves toward the sober citizen pretty much as the German bursch toward the *philister*, or as the military man, during the Empire, did to the pekin: from the height of their poverty they looked down upon him with the greatest scorn — a scorn, I think, by which the citizen is dazzled, for his respect for the Arts is intense.

When, within a few years of attaining his majority, Thackeray had squandered or been swindled out of the greater part of his patrimony, art offering him no immediate prospect of earning a living, he began to look to his pen to acquire the necessary pennies. Henry Mayhew saw him at Paris in 1835, and noted that he 'is just dividing his time between studying figure-drawing over at Passy, and scribbling *feuilletons* in the *London and Paris Courier*, the best of these pen sketches to be afterwards collected in a volume under the title of *The Paris Sketch Book*. For the *London and Paris Courier* must be read the *New York Corsair*. Thackeray was then writing for that paper and for *Fraser's Magazine;* he acted for a short time as London correspondent of the *Constitutional and Public Ledger* (a venture in which was lost his stepfather's money and the remnant of his own fortune); and he and Longueville Jones worked very cheerfully on *Galignani's Messenger* for ten francs a day. In March, 1836, he published, through Rittner and Goupil in the Boulevard Montmartre and Mitchell's Library in Old Bond Street, a little volume of satirical sketches, entitled *Flore et Zéphyr*, the original edition of which fetches more than its weight in gold.

While at Paris in 1836 he met Isabella Getkin Creagh Shawe and married her at the British Embassy there on August 20. From the financial point of view it was a rash proceeding, but natural enough for the man who all his life long preached that 'Love is the crown of all.'

> I married with £400 a year paid by a newspaper which failed six months afterwards, and always love to hear of a young fellow testing his future in that way [he wrote years after to William Webb Follett Synge]. Though my marriage was a wreck, as you know, I would do it again, for behold Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good. A man who is afraid of his fortune never deserved one.

The young couple rented apartments in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, not far from the offices of *Galignani's Messenger*, in the Rue Vivienne. They perforce lived inexpensively, and ate in cheap restaurants. Of his haunts in these days, most have disappeared — the Frères Phillipes, in the Rue Montorgueil, and the Hôtel de le Terrasse, in the Rue de Rivoli, where presently Becky Sharp stopped. Voisins still

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exists and the Café de Paris, and the Hôtel Mirabeau, though this has been rebuilt. The Hôtel Bristol stands, but it was not for Thackeray in those days, save on special occasions. One little restaurant Thackeray has immortalized in some verses, 'Bouillabaisse,' which he wrote on a later visit to Paris when Terré jeune had gone the way of all flesh and Gillet reigned in his stead.

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
— There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse.

Thackeray was in Paris in December, 1840, and witnessed the ceremony of conveying the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to their last resting place at the Hôtel des Invalides, which removal had been permitted by the British. He witnessed the procession from a room opening on to a garden in the Champs Elysées and published his impressions in three letters addressed to Miss Smith of London in the form of a small volume entitled, *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, in which was included the splendid 'Chronicle of the Drum.'

He captured many thousand guns,
He wrote 'The Great' before his name,
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

Thackeray's mother and stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth, lived for many years in Paris, and from about 1840, when his wife became ill, until 1847, when he set up house in Young Street, Kensington, his children lived with them. Whenever he could snatch a holiday, he went to see them. In 1849 he went to Paris with Richard Doyle, and wrote some papers for *Punch* called 'Paris Revisited,' which were illustrated by his companion. In a letter to the Brookfields he gave some account of this visit:

What brought me to this place! Well, I am glad I came; it will give me a subject for at least six weeks in *Punch*, of which I was getting so weary that I thought that I must have done with it. . . . I went to Paris to see my old haunts when I came to Paris thirteen years ago, and made believe to be a painter, just after I was ruined, and before I fell in love, and took to marriage and writing. It was a jolly time. I was as poor as Job, and sketched away most abominably, but pretty contented; and we used to meet in each other's rooms, and talk about art, and smoke pipes, and drink bad brandy and water. That awful habit still remains, but where is art, that dear mistress whom I loved, though in a very indolent, capriccio manner, but with a real

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sincerity? I see her far, far off. I jilted her. I knew it very well; but you see it was ordained.

Thackeray was there again in 1853, and he noted:

The advance of this place in material splendor is wonderful. They are pulling down and building up as eagerly as in New York, and the Rue de Rivoli is going to be the grandest street in the world — all the houses as tall as St. Nicholas — and the palaces and gardens looking so ancient and noble.

On this visit he was accompanied by his daughters, and writing to the Brookfields, humorously pointed out the difference that this made:

Thackeray as paterfamilias, with a daughter in each hand, I don't like to speak to our country folks, but give myself airs, rather, and keep off them. If I were alone I should make up to everybody. You don't see things as well *à trois* as you do alone, you are an English gentleman; you are shy of queer-looking or queer-speaking people; you are in the coupé; you are an earl, confound your impudence, if you had £5000 a year and were Tompan, Esq., you could not behave yourself more high and mightily. Ah! I recollect years back, a poor devil looking wistfully at the few napoleons in his *gousset* and giving himself no airs at all. He was a better fellow than the one you know, perhaps; not that our characters alter, only they develop, and our minds grow gray and bald, etc. I was a boy ten years ago, breathing out my simple cries in *The Great Hoggarty Diamond.*

One of his lasts visits was in 1860, after he had successfully launched the *Cornhill Magazine.* He pretended there was something of truth in his pretense — that he was driven from home by the persecution of would-be contributors to the periodical.

The darlings demanded that I should rewrite, if I could not understand their nonsense, and put their halting lines into proper form [he told S. T. Fields, the American publisher, who was his companion on his jaunt]: I was so appalled when they set upon me with this 'ipics' and 'ipicacas' that you might have knocked me down with a feather, Sir. It was unsupportable and I fled away to France.

They stayed together at a hotel in the Rue de la Paix, and Fields has put on record some account of their doings.

Those days in Paris were simply tremendous. We dined at all possible and impossible places together. We walked round and round the glittering courts of the Palais Royal . . . and all my efforts were necessary to restrain him from rushing in and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and other trifles,' as he called them; 'for,' said he, 'how can I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing the *Cornhill* unless I begin instantly somewhere?' If he saw a group of people talking together in an excited way . . . he would whisper to me with immense gesticulation, 'There, there, you see, the news has reached Paris, and perhaps the number has gone up since my last accounts from London.

Evidence of Thackeray's affection for France could be adduced from his books and his correspondence, and from the French characters he introduced into his stories, but these are too well known to be cited here; and, anyhow, this brief account of Thackeray and France purports only to give some idea of his personal feelings for that country.

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THE FREDRIK VIII AT HALIFAX: THE STORY OF AN EPIC SEARCH

BY REAR-ADMIRAL BOYLE SOMERVILLE, C.M.G., R.N.

WHEN, in the early days of 1917, it was realized that the time had come for Count Bernstorff to retire from the scene of his highly unsuccessful labors, both diplomatic and undiplomatic, in the United States, a steamer had to be found sufficiently large to convey to Europe not only himself and his staff, but also about one hundred and twenty German consuls, of varying degrees, from the different states and cities hitherto favored with their society.

To these *Herren* (not to say 'gentlemen') were attached a large collection of *Frauen* (not to say 'ladies'), with children and nurses, their servants, their maids, and everything that was theirs. Besides these, a large number of neutrals, not necessarily connected with the Germans, decided to take advantage of the occasion; so that altogether there came to be about eight hundred persons to be accommodated for the journey to Europe. The fine Danish steamer Fredrik VIII was accordingly chartered for the trip.

It was arranged between the governments concerned that if, on her passage to Europe, the vessel put in at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for search, she should be allowed free passage through the Allied blockade on reaching European waters, and that the 'Right of Visit and Search' on the high seas should be forgone, so that she could proceed direct to Copenhagen, her destination.

It was further arranged that sacks of diplomatic documents from Allied or neutral Embassies could be carried if they were registered and sealed at the British Embassy at Washington, and if the diplomatic messengers in charge of them received on their passports a special 'visa' from our Ambassador. With the exception of these diplomatic 'sacks,' it was announced that every part of the great ship, every piece of luggage, every article of cargo, and every single person conveyed in her, including the crew, was liable to search.

All, all — except Count Bernstorff himself, that Sacred Ambassador; and he would be immune only if he would give (as he did give) a signed undertaking that he was not carrying on his Sacred Person documents, or indeed anything, either within or without It, except the clothes that covered It.

The harbor of Halifax is, in shape, long and narrow, and fairly straight. On approaching from seaward you pass up between gradually narrowing shores, fairly high on both hands, and reach the harbor proper, after making a bend round the tail of a small islet that divides the inner from the outer part. Here, within, are the town wharves, the naval dockyard, the man-of-war anchorage, and the dry dock.

Steaming straight on past them, you come to a Narrows, a couple of hundred yards wide; and on passing through it, you find you are entering on a magnificent sheet of land-locked water, deep and still, bordered with forest, and with only a few signs of human possession — Bedford Basin.

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This basin was arranged to be the searching place for the Fredrik VIII: partly in order that the very considerable daily traffic in the harbor, both of men-of-war and merchant vessels, should not be impeded by the presence of yet another large hull, swinging round its anchor; and partly because it was very undesirable that the alien enemies conveyed in the ship, well provided as they were with eyes, prism binoculars, and cameras, should thus be enabled to make a fairly leisurely study of the defenses of the port, or of the arrivals and sailings (particularly of transports) that might take place during their stay in its waters.

In order to obviate, indeed, even a passing glimpse of the fortified scenery, while *en route* to Bedford Basin, it was stipulated and arranged, before the Fredrik VIII left New York, that she was to arrive off Halifax not earlier than 7 P.M.; and thus should pass through the harbor during complete darkness — for it was February, and there was no moon at the time. A special pilot was sent by rail from Halifax to New York, to join the ship there — to make the passage in her, and to bring her straight into the harbor, and on into Bedford Basin without any delay.

In spite of these precautions, and of the orders, twice repeated, for the night entry, given at New York to the (Danish) captain of the Fredrik VIII, the vessel arrived at 9 A.M., in full daylight; and before anything could be done to prevent it, she had come most of the way up the harbor, before being turned back by the patrol vessel, and given orders to wait outside until the evening.

By this means, two excellent if fleeting views were obtained by the passengers of the defenses — once on entering, and once on leaving; but as all cameras and films were relentlessly collected by us later on, no permanent record remained with them to support and embellish mental impressions; and probably little advantage was derived from this characteristic outpouring of German war funds, on behalf of 'Intelligence.'

It has already been remarked that the month was February; and in the pleasant climate of that part of Nova Scotia, this means a winter banquet, with, for *hors d'œuvres*, bitter frost, proceeding to a thick brown soup, that is dished up in the brimming streets by the next day's alternation of rain, snow, and thaw, and is speedily followed by prolonged courses of Arctic conditions.

With their arrival, the steep wet hillsides of Halifax turn into ice glissades; the sea congeals, sending up, as it does so, thick wisps of a vapor resembling steam in all but temperature, and, in the course of a few days, Bedford Basin is covered with a sheet of ice that is from one foot to three feet in thickness.

The harbor itself, however, is only ice-bound along those parts of its shores where the tidal streams are least felt. Floes, together with smaller chunks of ice, broken off from the edge of the Bedford Basin sheet and elsewhere, sail up and down the tidal fairway continuously; fairly innocuous to strongly built steamships, but real dangers, with their sharp corners, and sullen, unresilient bulk, to small craft, and especially to wooden-sided man-of-war steamboats.

It was into scenery and conditions of this nature that the Fredrik VIII penetrated on the evening of February 16, 1917. H.M.S. Devonshire, the British cruiser detailed to carry out the examination, had already on that day forced her way from the harbor through the thickening ice into a con-

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venient part of Bedford Basin, and had anchored there to await her unwilling guest.

It was nearly 10 P.M. before the Danish steamer, forcing for herself another lane through the heavy ice-sheet, brought up at anchor at a couple of hundred yards' distance.

The Devonshire's steamboats, carrying the boarding officer and armed guard to take military charge of the vessel, were altogether unable to cut their way through the ice even for this short distance. They were, therefore, compelled to go back along the already congealing lane made in the wake of the Devonshire on her advance that afternoon into the basin, until reaching the point, nearly a mile away, where the track of the Fredrik VIII crossed it, and then to turn sharply about and to follow up the wide path in the ice just made by the latter vessel, and so fetch up alongside her at her anchorage.

As this journey had to be done in thick darkness, amid large and dangerous blocks of ice floating in both lanes, it may be imagined that it was one of considerable difficulty; and it was not until after midnight that the welcome signal was flashed across to the Devonshire that all was safely accomplished.

The Great Search began at seven o'clock on the following morning.

According to international law, the right of visit and search of neutral merchant vessels in war-time, by belligerents, may alone be exercised by the armed naval forces of the Crown, or republic, and, until the late war, on the high seas only.

It is thus illegal for a civilian, or even a civilian department of state, to undertake such a search; and if searches were still to be made on the high seas (more especially if the sea were high), one wonders what the sentiments would be of any civilian department confronted with such a duty!

The size of modern vessels, often thirty to fifty times that of the ships of the good old days, the quantity and complexity of their cargoes, the vast variety of stow-holes and 'pockets,' outside the legitimate holds, suitable for the conveyance of contraband, the armies of individuals they can and do carry, each one of them a possible *contrabandista*, have combined to render search on the high seas in these days a mere futility; and, for the mutual convenience of both hunter and prey (since escape is impossible), the operation usually takes place in harbor.

The nice point arises, however, when a vessel is brought for search into a port such as Halifax, where the government is 'Dominion,' and has no naval forces of its own available for the purpose, as to how far, taking its stand on the sovereignty of the three-mile limit, that domination can be exercised. Who was to conduct and be in charge of the visit and search on this occasion — the British Navy or the Canadian Government? The point was so nice that nothing was done to interfere with, or to spoil its niceness.

A multitude (whom no man could number, as it varied from day to day), somewhere in the region of 200 officials, male and female, was sent, or lent (one never knew which) by the Canadian Government, to 'assist' in the search.

It will be realized that the simple sailor was, no doubt, entirely unfitted to deal with such matters as censorship of letters (in many languages), or, still more, with the laying bare of the secrets of the female Hun, of whom, in this case, considerable numbers existed. It would have spoiled his sim-

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plicity. Thus, in these two matters of languages and ladies alone, the expert and the female expert were both required, thoroughly to deal with the situation.

Besides these, sent by the Canadian Post Office and Customs respectively, were many from the Police, and Immigration Departments, the latter being especially skilled in wrong 'uns, and their passports.

A search of the most penetrating nature was thus possible; and very soon after it began, the obviousness of its character as a naval affair forced itself to the front, for several excellent reasons.

A large passenger steamer, such as the Fredrik VIII, is, as everyone who has traveled by water knows, an amazing warren of passages, with ladderways, gangways, doors, skylights, and hatches leading to decks, saloons, cabins, and other compartments.

Not only had the person of each inhabitant of the ship (about nine hundred and twenty in number, including the crew) to be examined in turn, but also the cabin, and part of the ship he or she inhabited; and, as soon as the personal search was over, those who had been 'gone through' (to put it vulgarly), could not be permitted to mingle with those who had not.

Similarly, access could not be granted to the great unsearched, to cabins and places already scrutinized. Contraband letters, etc., would instantly have found their way into them; and the work would have been all to do again. Also, it was quite impossible to 'do' the whole of the ship and passengers in one day (as a matter of fact, it took ten), and thus arose the necessity for armed force, in the form of sentries by day and by night at every possible point of access to already searched cabins, to insure the isolation of their occupants. At one time there were forty-eight of such sentries about the ship.

This was the first of the naval reasons that manifested itself, and the second was like unto it.

Almost the first of the orders given to the Fredrik VIII stated that no communication of any kind whatever would be permitted between ship and shore, whether by individuals, by letter, or by telegram; and the wireless apparatus was dismantled on her arrival.

Thus was the theory of a 'High Seas' search maintained; and great was the discomfiture of the newspaper folk in consequence. Some of these had even take passage in the Fredrik VIII from New York, intending to get off at Halifax, and thence return home, full of stories. But with the Fredrik VIII they sailed, full to the brim, yet silent — packages, as it were, of gramophone records — to Europe!

The proper carrying out of this order was insured by more sentries, posted at every gangway, and by a constant boat patrol. The latter, it may be said, was greatly assisted (and also circumscribed) by the Arctic conditions of the sea: the thick ice-sheet, seamed by lanes and patches of open water, entirely preventing access, either by foot over the ice, or by anything that floated, except the larger-sized steam launches, capable of ice-breaking, with which there could be no secrecy of movement.

A third naval argument was conveyed and intimated by the presence of officers of the Devonshire, with detachments of her men under them, at every search (save those, of course, in which Die Frauen were involved); as it was realized that the German official, quite properly, would consider the whole operation to be an act of war, and, as such, would resent its being

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undertaken by a mere civilian in plain clothes.

Practically every officer of the cruiser, of whatever branch, took part in the proceedings, with the commander in charge. They formed the constant and accepted referees on disputed points; they gave dignity and point to the whole proceeding, and by their presence lent to the search its proper military aspect. Without them, indeed, it would have something resembled the ordeal of an emigrant steamer in peace time in the clutches of an unusually drastic customs authority.

Of our assistant searchers, indeed, both male and female, it may be said that their inquisitiveness had its only rival in the X-ray apparatus. With long experience they insisted, for example, on the removal of all 'dentures,' to see if, between the plate and the roof of the mouth, 'twixt false and true, there might lie any delicately secreted document. The tongue, we know, may be an unruly member, but the teeth, anyway, might be counted on for retention. In fact, from the crown of the head, including the 'taking down' of the most elegant *coiffures* (whatever may be the German equivalent), to the sole of the foot, they investigated every possibility of the human form as a place of concealment, extending even to false toe-nails laid over the real article.

Hiding places so recondite would scarcely have occurred to uninstructed seamen; and even in their duties as sentries they were not always so *rusé* as was necessary under present circumstances. One grand lady who, having been searched, was now being guarded from contact with the others, was, fortunately, caught in time by one of the officers, just succeeding in getting through the cordon. She had first attempted to do so (but unsuccessfully) by cajolery; and then in the best melodramatic manner — 'Unhand me, wretch!' — was pushing past a sentry and his fixed bayonet, which the poor man felt could not suitably be used for impaling 'a lady.' On being stopped by the officer, she attempted tears, and adduced the necessity of going to her starving baby on the (unsearched) deck below. Inquiry then elicited that it had been — of course purposely — arranged by her that she should have her cabin on one deck, her nurse and baby on a second, and her husband on a third, thus offering irresistible claims for free passage between them.

It was next found that the 'baby' was a well-grown boy of three or four years, and not 'starving' at all; and on his being stripped for search, before reunion with his mother, he was found to be a walking letter box. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ!*

But it must be recorded that though none of our victims exhibited any enjoyment in the processes of investigation (in which we may sympathize), there was not usually any rudeness or opposition offered. The tenor was one rather of injured and outraged innocence, with remarks as to the absurdity of the search, and the important character given to it. One and all, however, were shocked at the irreverence shown toward the holy baggage of the Ambassador, and toward that shrine, his cabin!

Besides providing sentries and boat patrols, the Devonshire's ship's company were engaged in overhauling every hole and corner of the ship, and in assisting the carpenter's party in removing paneling in the cabins, opening or piercing mattresses and cushions, searching ventilating shafts (always very fruitful for letters), and going through the many hundreds of lockers and drawers in the ship.

While the deck hands and others

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were thus employed, practically the whole of the engine-room department of the Devonshire, with their officers, were engaged in the search of the coal bunkers, engines, auxiliary engines, and boilers of the Fredrik VIII. The coal was all turned over, the boilers were emptied and examined in turn, and the main engines and auxiliaries moved, so that any documents or other contraband which might have been concealed in them should be destroyed, or rendered illegible.

Even the cold-storage room was emptied of its contents, not unavailingly!

Letters were found in every possible part of the ship, and, together with 'dental rubber' in small flat pieces, formed a large proportion of the contraband discovered.

A spare cabin in the Fredrik VIII was allotted to the commander of the Devonshire to serve as an 'office,' and occasionally he slept there, when night searches (usually very prolific) were to be undertaken.

One day, it occurred to him to examine this cabin, and there, sure enough, in the chest of drawers and elsewhere, confident Huns, thinking that here at least, in the Hunter's very lair, there would be no searching, had hopefully 'posted' the forbidden mail matter, and had deposited the illicit slabs of rubber. The latter was probably to be regarded less as an act of patriotism — though Germany was woefully in need of rubber — than as a commercial venture. 'Dental rubber' is a highly concentrated and pure form of the substance, and was, at that juncture, worth in Germany at least ten times what had to be paid for it in the States.

The Canadian Customs searchers were quite inflexible in their condemnation of everything that could in any way be described as 'contraband.' Articles found on the persons of the searched, or in their cabins, were collected in separate bags, each labeled with the name of the owner, and sent ashore daily to the Customs Office for closer investigation. Everything, on this second overhaul, found to be legally contraband, was placed in the Prize Court immediately — a bourne from which no Hun traveler's goods ever returned! — and all that was not so disposed of was returned to the ship.

In this way, before representations could be made, the little gold lockets of sentimental ladies, or other ornaments (the 'precious metals' being contraband), and such things as sponge bags, vulcanite toilet-table articles, and hot-water bottles (all of them containing rubber), were resolutely 'pinched' and carried off ashore. Even private stores of tins of biscuits, sausages, and other *Delicatessen* (being 'foodstuffs'), were removed!

With the temperature standing at seven degrees below zero, the removal of the hot bottles raised so bitter a cry of lamentation, that it reached the ears of superior authority,— this was at an early stage of the proceedings, when the methods of working between naval and Canadian searchers had not developed into the happy smoothness that was reached soon afterwards,— but, alas! too late; the hot bottles and all other 'rubber goods' were already in the Prize Court! *Rien ne va plus!* A much sympathizing commander, knowing only too well the temperature of 'aboard-ship' beds, removed by so small a space from the level of the frozen sea, found himself compelled to go ashore and buy in the town several bottles, to give to the more delicate of these unfortunate German ladies, replacing those forcibly removed. After this, arrangements were come to, to prevent interference in the future with these small personal comforts.

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But apart from these easy 'discoveries' of contraband, the ship herself yielded, daily, considerable quantities of letters, rubber, cameras, films (including cinematograph), unpermitted amounts of money,— in one case some thousands of pounds worth of notes,— and other forbidden articles.

Probably the best 'haul' of any, however, was what came to be known as 'The Scandinavian Trunk.'

This was a brand new steel portmanteau, of ordinary appearance and medium dimensions, found, in the normal course of search, under the bed place in one of the cabins. On being drawn forth into the light, it was seen to be heavily sealed over the lock, there being eight or nine large imprints of the Scandinavian Consul General at New York, on a strip of material stretched over the small elevation carrying the hasp and keyhole. A label, bearing the name and address of the passenger who claimed it, was attached to one of the handles. On being questioned, this person — a 'squarehead'— declared that the trunk contained diplomatic documents, which he, as a 'diplomatic courier,' was conveying to Europe, to be handed to his government; and that, consequently, it was immune from search. Now the law and custom on such occasions is that the seal of an ambassador or minister is sacred, and may not be broken; but any other seal, including that of consuls and consuls general, has no special sanctity and may be ignored, if needs be; and at first it was proposed that this should be done, and the contents of the trunk revealed.

Suspicion lay on them from the outset, for, in the first place, no permission had been given for this particular diplomatic dispatch box to be conveyed in the Fredrik VIII; and, in the second, the person accompanying the trunk, though he described himself as a 'diplomatic courier,' on examination of his passport, turned out to be nothing of the kind, and was merely a commercial gentleman from New York, revisiting his native land, who had undertaken charge of it.

The trunk was therefore seized, but in view of the possibly grave international trouble involved in taking violent measures with it, information was first sought from Washington. The reply came that the Scandinavian Ministry there stated that the trunk had been sealed by them, and sent by rail, but unattended, to New York. It had arrived there, they said, with the seals broken; the inference being that if any improper, non-Scandinavian documents should now be found in the trunk, they must have been inserted *en route* between Washington and New York; and that the Consul General at New York had resealed the trunk and sent it on by the Fredrik VIII.

It was stated, further, that it contained only the documents relating to some commercial business. Notwithstanding this, however, the minister would not agree to send an agent to Halifax, who should open and examine the contents in the presence of British officials.

The 'business,' whatever it was, must have been a large one, as the papers concerning it weighed one hundred pounds. It was strange, too, that, when found, there was not remaining the faintest trace of the original sealing at Washington: all that could be seen on the new and shiny varnish were the fresh red imprints of the seal of the Consul General, New York.

By some means or another, the fact of the trunk being on board the Fredrik VIII, with suggestions as to its suspicious character, leaked into the American papers; and it chanced that, only a short time previously, the revelation

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had been made to the world, by the United States Government, of the discovery of papers divulging certain proposals of Herr Zimmermann (the German Foreign Secretary) to the Mexican Government. The two facts were immediately seized on by the press and connected together. Huge headlines appeared: 'Zimmermann's Papers Found in Bernstorff's Trunk,' followed by an account, apparently circumstantial, of the finding of the papers on board the Fredrik VIII in the Scandinavian trunk, and dwelling on their importance.

It was amusing to read all this, and then, in the same glance, to see, with its seals all quite intact, 'Bernstorff's Trunk' (so-called) reposing in safety in a locked cabin on board H.M.S. Devonshire!

Eventually, under orders from the Admiralty, the trunk (still intact) was sent across the Atlantic to their Lordships by H.M.S. Berwick, which vessel happened at the time to be sailing for England. It was escorted by an armed guard from the Admiralty to the Foreign Office, and dealt with there in, no doubt, fitting fashion.

As to its contents, who shall say what, actually, they were? One may at least hope that among them was the Last Straw. The trunk reached England in the middle of March. On April 5, 1917, the United States formally declared war on Germany.

As to the Fredrik VIII, after ten days of as meticulous a search as any ship ever had, she sailed for Denmark on the evening of February 27, where, in due course, she arrived in safety. The law of 'no correspondence with the shore' was so far intermitted, that all letters that had arrived for the ship during her detention in Halifax were handed to their addresses (after censoring) just as the ship sailed; and similarly, but at the last moment also, letters from the ship for the shore were accepted for censorship and forwarding. An undertaking was given by the captain of the Fredrik VIII, on the returning to him of his wireless apparatus, that it would not be employed for private messages until three days after leaving Canada, and then only to a very limited extent — an undertaking that was honorably kept.

By these means much pro-German propaganda, and many 'protests' arising from the unsparing and scientific thoroughness of the British search, never saw the light; but we had the satisfaction of reading in the local papers of March 13, after the Huns had reached Copenhagen, that Bernstorff was 'peeved,' and had been one of the protestants.

One can hardly believe that he, or any of his gang, would have been so credulous as to suppose that the search would have been 'nominal'; yet it appears they really thought that the ambassadorial, and even the consular, baggage would have been exempt. Nevertheless, and for all that, we were told that on the voyage from New York to Halifax, the steamer's wake resembled that of the hare in a paper chase, as sheet after sheet of (no doubt) extremely interesting 'archives' were torn up and disposed of in the all-effacing sea — '*spurlos versenkt!*'

All — that is, except what was in the trunk!

Blackwood's Magazine

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D'ANNUNZIO AS A POET OF THE WAR

BY GUIDO DE RUGGIERO

THE latest D'Annunzio — the poet of the war — is not a novelty when compared with the pre-war D'Annunzio. The war has merely proved a favorable opportunity for bringing to light what had long been hatching in D'Annunzio's mind. As an historical motive, quite apart from the lyrical inspiration of the individual, we must give due weight to the Italian tradition of the prophet-poets, who flourished in such numbers from the days of the Risorgimento to our own times, dedicating their gifts, which varied greatly in quality, to the service of their patriotic ideals. The last great prophet-poet, Carducci, whose political passion reflects the calm it acquired from his artistic vision, has exercised a strong fascination over contemporary artists. They have long envied him his rank as a patriotic poet possessing the power of interpreting the historical consciousness of his country and of fertilizing it with his lyrics.

On Carducci's death there was no lack of attempts to enter upon this coveted heritage. Pascoli tried, as did the pre-war D'Annunzio; but their inspiration, differing widely in character, ended by falsifying the patriotic themes which it sought to handle, and which were altogether beyond their reach. They both produced works of lifeless erudition, of strained allegory, instead of the simple freshness of the epic they sought to fashion from the historical narratives of our Risorgimento.

The war gave D'Annunzio the chance of renewing his virginity and assuming once more the part of prophet, either because the very exquisiteness of his sensibility enabled him to draw a reviving inspiration and an overflowing richness of impressions from its very novelty, or because the highly excited state of popular feeling created the atmosphere of sympathy and of stirring unity of purpose which he finds indispensable for the fulfillment of his task.

But there is a more intimate and spiritual cause at work in the formation of the latest D'Annunzio, a cause not originating in events which are largely external, but in the evolution of his own mind. Even before the war D'Annunzio was tending toward a form of Christian mysticism that was nothing more than an exaggeration of the sensibility which in all his earlier work had been straining to create superhuman experiences and intuitions of life. All the supermen who had failed in his novels and plays were merged in this mysticism, bringing with them that very dissatisfaction with themselves which had in the past separated them into distinct existences when they were in reality but a single personality straining spasmodically after empty space, their efforts proving equally vain in all the different situations in which they displayed them. The superman was at last content to abandon his transcendental ideals. He turned round upon himself, asking from religious experience what other forms of life had been unable to give him.

D'Annunzio's religiousness as it appears, for instance, in his *San Sebastian*, is, however, a false religiousness, just as the D'Annunzian superman is a false man. It is the product of an irritated sensibility, not of a real spiritual intimacy. So true is this that he fails to assimilate the central act of the complex religious life, the simple, direct act of communion with the divinity. Instead of this he lays hands on the external, one might almost say on

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the choreographic elements of the formulas and rites that work upon the feelings, trying to draw from them that mystical and spiritual communion which lies altogether outside them. The war found D'Annunzio in the laborious period of the gestation of his mysticism. He welcomed it as his mind was prepared to welcome it, as a symbolic act, a mystic form of expiation. All the learning which he had been slowly accumulating about Christian rites and practices suddenly went off, discharging itself upon the war, which became to him a long allegory, a kind of apocalyptic or Messianic ideality. And this new Father of the Church, being far more of a pedant than the old ones, laboriously worked out a minute comparison between the single concrete actions which constitute the war and the ideal anticipations of them which he had managed to disinter from the Old and the New Testament.

D'Annunzio's principal writings during the war are: *La Leda senza Cigno* (three volumes, Milan, 1916); *Per la più grande Italia* (Milan, 1918); *La Beffa di Buccari* (Milan, 1918); *La Riscossa* (published by the Sottosegretariato per la Stampa), 1918; *Cantico per l'Ottava della Vittoria* (1918). All, except the first and the last, are collections of articles and lectures previously published.

Before giving an account of these writings from a literary point of view, I feel that I must be allowed to draw a necessary distinction. The D'Annunzio who reveals himself here as a poet and man of letters is in my opinion a weak and feeble artistic personality, very different from the one revealed in the *Laudi* and in a thousand wonderful pages scattered through his rich earlier productions. But I do not mean to suggest for a moment that the D'Annunzio whom we have learned to know during the war deserves such a judgment as this. The citizen who hurried back to his country in the hour of gravest crisis, who fired men's minds to a war of liberation and a victorious resistance, who took his share of the glorious work and its dangers with the enthusiasm of a young man, is unquestionably a great citizen, even though his writings fall below his actions.

La Leda senza Cigno is the first of his war books. To speak more precisely, it consists of two parts, the one written before the war, the other during the first two years of it. The first is a lascivious short story ('Aspects of the Unknown'); the second is a kind of chronicle of the war in France and Italy. The printing of the two works in the same book, though in no way justified by the character of the contents, is, nevertheless, justified by the continuity of the inspiration. This is how the D'Annunzio of the story expresses himself: 'I felt that no devices of my mind could prevail against this creature, whom the divine, as in the myth, could only approach in the shape of an animal.' The same D'Annunzio, in describing the slaughter of the war, describes the divine aspect of the sacrifice in an animal form as follows: 'At every instant the creatures are brought level with the earth, which drinks of their raging blood before swallowing them and converting them into her impassive fertility.' The artist carves with cold precision what his greedy sensibility offers him. At this time D'Annunzio finds in war only the great adventure, the 'stupendous novelty,' the sight of which breathes new vigor into his senses; the realization of the supreme heroism, which had been an empty dream in the earlier incarnations. He accepts without question the prevailing democratic ideals of the war, because all this means for him merely a blare of trumpets suited to the ears of

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the many-headed vulgar. In his mind there is no room for humanitarianism, for a championing of right against might. It is might rather than right that inspires him. He would have been even more ready to sing the deeds of the barbarians, had we chanced to deserve that name, than those of the defenders of the right. But there are noble and powerful pages in *La Leda senza Cigno*. In this book D'Annunzio has not yet grown rigid in his apocalyptic mysticism. He describes the war as it appears to his senses, as it is transfigured by his imagination in his lyrical gifts. The descriptions of scenery have all the magic that informed the most beautiful pages of his earlier work.

But this interest cools in his other war books. A stilted hieratic tone takes the place of the free play of the senses in their search for novelty. In *La Leda* this novelty already begins to appear to him, as he tells us, in the form of an annunciation.

And behold, the Comforter descends upon him in the speech *La Sagra dei Mille* (in the volume *Per la più grande Italia*). He turns to the old Garibaldini, in whom he sees the disciples of Jesus, and says to them: 'He was a man, a man among men. And you saw him, most blessed among old men. Veronica sees Christ in His passion. His true image is impressed on your minds, as was the face of the Saviour on the napkin.'

This is how he addresses the young men, to fire them with enthusiasm for the war that is preparing: 'Blessed are they who have more, for they can give more and burn with a greater fire. Blessed are they who have but a score of years, who have a pure mind, a temperate body, a high-spirited mother. . . .' And so on, through the interminable scale of the beatitudes.

This pose becomes nauseating in its unending repetitions. Are we talking of the Piave? Its water is for us the water of life, bringing regeneration like the water of baptism. Of the distribution of flags? The Godhead was present, as at the distribution of the Eucharist. Of the eleven victories of the Isonzo and of the Caporetto betrayal? The country has felt the sorrow of the exalted Victim who sat among His own people at the last supper. 'The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me.' Yet there were faithful men with the Master. Were not Italy's eleven victories with her? The twelfth was the dark one, the one that delivered her into the hands of the enemy. Does our country call her sons to the sacrifice? She says to them: 'Take from my hand this cup filled with the wine of my passion.' And the blood spills over from the cup that has no edge. 'This is my blood; drink of it, all of you.' For the recruits of the 1900 class D'Annunzio can only produce a hideous parody of the Lord's Prayer: 'O dead, ye who are on earth, as in heaven, hallowed be your names, may the kingdom of your spirit come, your will be done on earth as in heaven; give the daily bread to our faith, keep our holy hatred burning within us, etc. (All these quotations are from the volume *La Riscossa*.) In *La Beffa di Buccari* the figure of Jesus is no longer represented by Garibaldi or by Italy, but by D'Annunzio in person. In the act of anointing his feet before going on board for the expedition he feels that he is renewing the Gospel rite, and he selects a pot of ointment that has been touched by a friend killed in the war, thus violating in his Barocco style both the text and the spirit of the sublime rite of the Magdalen.

There are occasional flashes of the old D'Annunzio, as, for instance, when he describes the war as a lyrical event, an enthusiastic outburst of the will to

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create; or in the vivid account of the jest of the Buccari expedition. But they are spasmodic flashes that are instantly quenched in the dead sea of sham mysticism. And when at last D'Annunzio endeavored to recover himself and attempt once again the full lyrical ode of the *Laudi*, in the *Cantico per l'Ottava della Vittoria*, it was clear that he had altogether forgotten his better self. The result is confused and ugly, abounding in lifeless learning. At one point he feels compelled to ask:

O vita, o morte. Il mio canto vien di sotterra, o spira nel mio petto? Son io servo dell' inno senza lira o son io signore del fato?

We have every reason for answering that his song comes from underground and that the author is the slave of the hymn that knows not the lyre. The cycle of the poet D'Annunzio is closed and belongs to history. To-day the surviving D'Annunzio can only ask of his Father Apollo in the Gospel language that is so familiar to him: 'Father, Father, why hast thou forsaken me?'

The Athenæum

SELINA'S PARABLE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

On the wide wooden staircase that led up to her big sea-windy bedroom in the old house in which Selina was staying was a low, square window. To Selina, every window in her small world had a charm, an incantation of its own! Was it not an egress for her eye to a scene of some beauty or forbiddingness; the way of light; either her own outward, or the world's inward? This small window in particular beguiled Selina, because, kneeling there (it was of too narrow a frame to permit a protracted standing or stooping), she looked out of it, and downward, upon a farmyard. Selina knew farmyards that more seductively soothed her æsthetic sense — farmyards of richer ricks, of nobler outbuildings, of a deeper peace. But since this farmyard, despite its litter and bareness, was busy with life — dog in kennel, chicken, duck, goose, gander, and goslings, doves, a few wild birds, some even of the sea, an occasional horse and man — contemplation of it solaced her small mind, keeping it gently busy, yet in a state narrowly bordering on trance.

Selina was dark, narrow-shouldered, with eyes of so intense a brown that they were like two small black pools of water when the spirit that lurked behind them was absorbed in what they gazed on; and one long warm languorous afternoon she found herself kneeling at the low staircase window even more densely engrossed than usual. At the bottom of the farmyard, perhaps twenty paces distant, stood a low stone barn or granary, its square door opening blackly into the sunlight upon a flight of, maybe, ten rough stone steps. Beyond its roof stretched the green dreaming steeps of the valley. From this door, it was the farmer's wont, morn and evening, to feed his winged stock. This afternoon, though the hour was but hard on four, Selina watched the farmer ponderously traverse the yard, and, in his usual stout Alexander Selkirkian fashion, ascend into the granary, obviously not thus unseasonably to dispense the good grain, but for some purpose unknown — unknown at least to Selina.

Nevertheless, all his chickens, such is faith, instinct, habit, and stupidity, had followed close upon his heels, and were now sleekly and expectantly clustered in mute concourse upon the steps and on the adjacent yard-stones, precisely like an assemblage of humanity pa-

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tiently waiting to be admitted into the pit of a theatre or into the nave of a church.

There was a dramatic pause. The sun shone on. The blue deepened. A few late-comers hastened in from the byways and hedges. The congregation was steadfast — with just a feverish effort apparent here and there of some jealous individual to better her position at the expense of the envied. Then — the square door was reopened, and the farmer emerged, empty-handed, and, without so much as a glance of compassion or even of heed, trod heavily down the steps through the assembled hens, careless to all appearance whether his swinging, cumbrous boots trod the more eager underfoot, and — wonder of wonders! — he left the door behind him at its very fullest gape!

Selina sighed: the happiest of sighs, that of expectation and forbidden delight. It was as if the commissionaire of the theatre or the bishop of the cathedral had simply betrayed his edifice, and its treasures, to the mob. God bless me, thought Selina, they'll go in and help themselves.

Only one moiety of this brilliant speculation of Selina's was to be proved justified. Led by a remarkably neat jimp blue-black Leghorn hen, deliciously feminine and adventurous, churchwarden's helpmeet if ever there was one, the whole feathered mob, as if under the gesture of a magician, with an instantaneous and soundless ingurgitation of appetite and desire, swept upward and in. Threescore hens at least were there, the appropriate leaven of cocks, two couple of ducks, three doves, a few predatory wildings, while the geese outstretched their serpentine necks and hissed.

Selina, transfixed there in a felicity bordering upon rapture, watched. Like Athene above the plains of Troy, she gathered in her slim shoulders as if to swoop. What was happening within, beyond that strange square of velvety afternoon darkness? The rapine, the orgy, the indiscriminate gorge? Alas, no! Whether the marauders had even so much as descried or discerned the fatted bags of oats and maize and wheat that possibly were shelved within that punctual hostel, Selina could not guess. What was perfectly clear was that the concourse was dejectedly emerging, dispirited, and unfed. One by one, in ruffled groups, peevish, crestfallen, damped, the feathered congregation reappeared, trod, or hopped, or fluttered down the shallow familiar disenchanted steps, the ducks, too, dumb and ignoble, the cocks simulating indifference or contempt, the wildings — as wild as ever.

When Selina, still agape, came to herself, the farmyard was much as usual — dispersed clusters of ruffled, short-memoried and dusting fowl, a pacing cock, the dog, head on paws, still asleep, doves in comparatively dispassionate courtship on the roof, duck and drake guzzling in that unfathomable morass of iniquity, known as the duck pond.

'Came to herself' — for Selina's was a type of mind that cannot but follow things up (a feeble step or two); that is, it was compelled to spin mere stories out of the actual, and even, alas, to moralize. 'Why,' she mused, 'poor hen-brained things, they came to be fed. Always when the farmer opened the door and went in, grain, the bread of life, came out. Always. And he being generous, capable at *any* moment of magnanimity, and not, gracious goodness, a cold and bloated cynic, since one must at least, *think* the best of what is and may be, why, of course, they should have gone in, as they did, and, to say the least of it, seen for themselves. You surely can't impiously, even if greedily, raid the

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given. Morning, and possibly afternoon, the poor creatures as best their natural powers allow, reward the farmer for his benefactions. A little indirectly, perhaps, but surely not theirs to reason that he gave for gain, that his bounty was sheer profiteering, that it is their eggs, their poor carcasses, or their bodies' offspring he is after, for his own — well, to them — immeasurably barbarous purposes. Suppose with avid beak, they surged in and carried off his last squalling baby from its cradle. Suppose they did. They had believed in him — that was the point. Now they won't: they *can't* — at least not for ten minutes. Though they are always hungry. Yes, they had climbed up, lured on by sheer indifference masquerading as generosity, in the heat of the day, too, and that peculiarly slim and feminine black Leghorn pullet in particular, only to discover — nothing, just cool inner darkness and odoriferous vacancy. Even a horny, fussy old verger would at least have shoved them out again, have told them that they had made a mistake that there was n't any extra thing "on" of that kind — no *confirmation* service.' And Selina fleetingly smiled, narrow cheek, delicate lip, and black abstracted eye.

'How very like poor human beings,' she went on, pursuing her small privy thoughts, slipping down, as she did so, from kneeling to sitting, and automatically readjusting the tortoiseshell comb in her dark hair; 'punctually they go to church (some of them), not attempting to guess, or not capable of finally *knowing*, what for; but confident that the bishop or rector or some such will be in the pulpit and they be fed. And then comes a day — 'Now what *is* the difference,' mused Selina, contemplatively narrowing her inward gaze, 'what is the real difference between Farmer Trepolpen and God, and between that fussy forward — still adventurous — little Leghorn, who must lay the most delicious little cream-colored eggs, and Me? Surely no: He cannot want me (He cannot expect me to go to church and praise and pray) simply for the sake of my wretched little hard-boiled bits of goodness. Does He really only think of us twice in twenty-four hours, like the tides and matins and evensong, as, well, as I think of Him? And if in between-whiles He did think of me or I of Him, is n't there any inexhaustible store of heavenly manna which my trussed-up soul — and I suppose the others — though I would n't mind the doves and that sea-gull or——. Oh dear, oh dear!'

She softly stared on, down the sunlit intensely still staircase into the shadow. 'Of course,' began again that still small voice within in faraway tones, 'it's not quite like that, it's *not* on all fours. It's a bigger dream than that. If they, silly cackling creatures, mercifully don't know what that carnivorous old egg-hunter is after, I'm pretty certain he does n't know eventually himself. Merely keeping alive: though that's something. Suppose, just suppose *not*. Suppose there's someone, a kind of unseen circumspectious spirit, kneeling crunched up at a little square staircase window. Oh, ever so happy and dreamy and sorrowful and alone, and not in the least muddle-minded — omniscient, I *suppose*, which of course is merely omni — omni-sensitive — just staring down in sheer joy and *interest* at the farmer, and the sunshine, and the valley, and the yard, and the hens, and the delicious filthy duck-pond and — and the Atlantic, absolutely all *Its*, and——. What would n't *I*——?'

But at that moment, and only just in time to dissever the philosophical net in which poor Selina's soul was

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definitely strangling, a whiff of hot baked 'splitters' wafted itself up the staircase, and Selina, with an exclamatory 'Lawks!' remembered her tea.

The New Statesman

LAFCADIO HEARN ON VICTORIAN POETS *

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

LAFCADIO HEARN became famous in his lifetime as an interpreter of Japan, and the inner life of Japan, to the West. Since his death he has acquired a second reputation as an interpreter of English poetry to the Japanese. He would perhaps have been indignant that the notes of his Tokyo students should be published, for they represent oral lectures, unrevised, and have not the distinction of form which would have been given to them had he written them for publication. Yet we should be sorry to lose them. Already we have had two volumes of Hearn's criticism, printed from the Japanese students' verbatim notes; this is a further selection, and yet a third has been published in America. All are edited by Dr. Erskine. With the exception of the opening lecture, on 'Love in English Poetry,' this volume is concerned with the Victorian poets.

Hearn had himself a modest opinion of his own qualifications as a critic. 'I have not the scholarship,' he said, 'needed for the development and exercise of the critical faculty, properly so called.' Certainly when reading this volume one has a feeling that he was a good deal less intimate with the supreme masters of poetic style than with those modern masters of the romantic movement who specially interested him. Now and then this feeling is accentuated by astonishment, as when we are told that the well-known lines about the Chinese porcelain painter, in 'Sohrab and Rustum,' are an imitation of the style of Milton; for no one intimate with the manner and movement of Milton's verse could have said a thing so wide of the mark. Hearn's sense of relations and comparative values in poetry seems, indeed, sometimes oddly lacking in sureness and subtlety. The opening of the lecture on Tennyson (a fragment only, as it happens) is sufficiently disconcerting :

> Tennyson is Keats perfected and enriched. . . . Coleridge reblossoms in Rossetti. Shelley and Byron both reappear in Swinburne, but without any of the faults of the Satanic school as to form, Swinburne being the greatest master of form in all modern literature. . . . Even Sir Walter Scott is reborn in the poetry of William Morris.

It may be true, as a general statement, that 'the great poets of the Victorian period only carried on and developed the traditions of the preceding era'; but is it not just the function of criticism to distinguish, to pierce beneath the haphazard, facile impressions of the average reader, and to throw a clear light on the essential character of writers and the real relation between them? Such hasty affirmations as those just quoted need, each of them, such an immense amount of qualification as to be quite valueless. They confuse rather than illuminate.

Yet if, lighting on such a page as this, you shut up the book with the conviction that it is not worth while going on with such second rate criticism, you will be mistaken. For in criticism, as in creation, there is diversity of gift — a fact not sufficiently recognized. And Lafcadio Hearn's great gift is his power of sympathetic intuition and interpretation. He

* *Appreciations of Poetry.* By Lafcadio Hearn. Selected and Edited by John Erskine Ph.D. Heinemann. 15*s.* net.

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treated literature as the expression of emotion, and the representation of life; and he sought to explain the quality and the power of the emotion that a poet produces. Just as in his books about Japan he showed a quite singular capacity for disengaging himself from western prejudices and the western tradition, and of approaching life from the Japanese standpoint, so in his criticism we find him interpreting with insight writers quite alien to his own temperament and native taste. He had not only a vivid sensibility and a keen intelligence, but he had good will; and this last quality, simple as it appears, is by no means too common among critics. Hearn had trained himself in what his editor calls 'a somewhat narrow romanticism.' A devout believer in Herbert Spencer, he was also greatly attracted by Oriental philosophies. The natural bent of his taste in literature was toward the sensuous, the colored, the exotic. You feel how he responds to the appeal of a poem like Swinburne's 'Masque of Queen Bersabe.' Indeed, his admiration for Swinburne approaches idolatry. Therefore, it is with a little shock of surprise that you find that the poems he chooses from Browning and Matthew Arnold for full analysis are poems of the 'drier' kind, expressing ideas or concerned with moral problems; and all through the book this lover of Théophile Gautier shows a constant interest in human ethics.

His plan was to take a poem, read it to his pupils, and expound and amplify its meaning by the way. Naturally, he had to explain more to his Japanese students than he would have felt necessary for a Western audience. But these pages are far from being tedious or superfluous. This kind of treatment is an excellent test of poetry, for only good poetry will bear such analysis; but the finest poetry is almost inexhaustible in beauty and meaning, and never yields up its riches to the superficial reader. One could wish that we had more criticism of this kind, which deepens understanding and enhances enjoyment, especially when the subject is treated in continual relation to life, as it is by Hearn. (Mr. Bradley's Shakespearean tragedy is an admirable example in contemporary letters.) It is true that, like other acute analysts,—Ruskin, for instance,—Hearn is at times strained and fanciful, and now and then he blunders strangely. A rather clumsy line of Patmore's, 'Showy as damask rose, and shy as musk,' obviously refers to the musk rose, but Hearn takes 'musk' to be the scent, and has a most ingenious explanation of the poet's subtlety in giving that powerful perfume the epithet 'shy.' Again, his comment on Browning's 'A Light Woman,' suggesting that the man who tells the story is not telling the truth, is far-fetched, and seems to me to rob the situation of its interest. In expounding that little poem of Browning's in which the Abbé adjudicates between the Duchesse, the Marquise, and the Comtesse, pronouncing that 'the love which to one and one only has reference, seems terribly like what perhaps gains God's preference.' Hearn curiously misses the point. He thinks that the Abbé insinuates that these fine ladies have all had more than one lover. But this is not the point at all. But in spite of these occasional misinterpretations, the study of Browning is, with that on Rossetti, perhaps the best in the book.

But it is in his first lecture, on 'Love in English Poetry,' that Hearn is most original and attractive. The consciousness of a Japanese audience, with its totally different inherited notions on the subject, sets the Euro-

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pean view of love in strong relief, so that even to Hearn the predominance of love as a subject in western poetry appears almost strange. This lecture in particular makes one regret that its author did not live to write it in final form, and perhaps expand it; for the subject is rich and the treatment thoughtful and suggestive. England owes a real debt to Lafcadio Hearn: for how can the best of her be known without a knowledge of her literature? He taught his students not only to know, but to appreciate; and the seed that he sowed will ripen.

The Observer

CONSCIENCE VERSUS LAW

DURING the course of a recent trial at Marseilles, a witness called to order by the president of the tribunal reclaimed 'the right to testify according to his conscience.' To this the magistrate in charge replied with a haughty formula, 'The law is above conscience.'

In its eloquent brevity, the axiom assumes a striking vigor. It ought not, however, to take us by surprise. The judge did but voice one of the fundamental dogmas of courts. The conflict between written law and individual conscience is no new thing. It is classic and eternal. It has given a theme to tragedies without number. There is scarce an instant in which this unhappy antagonism does not trouble the mind of a just and scrupulous arbiter. The war, on more than one occasion, furnished him examples of the dilemma. Very likely it was the stern spirit of the discipline of war which inspired the magistrate of Marseilles to utter so proud a definition of the rights of the law. For five years men have sacrificed to the law their intellectual and moral individuality. The spirit of criticism faded before the respect in which all must hold a military command, and conscience refrained from an examination of the duties assumed. Of such a nature are those cases in which the conscious desertion of one's faith represents one of the most heroic forms of civic loyalty and virtue.

Such a notion, however, has not always found favor in modern societies. Before the war, the instinctive sympathies of the many went to those who put their conscience before the law. Heads were bowed before the 'kind judge' who replaced the strong letter of the law by a generous intention born of its spirit; the officer who resigned his commission rather than obey a legal order which shocked his conscience was not mocked. The maxim *summum jus, summa injuria* was not considered subversive, and none feared on occasion to oppose equity to legality.

Theoretically, the tendency was highly respectable. It indicated in no sense a lack of social discipline. Quite on the contrary, it marked an aspiration toward a purer ideal. For does not moral progress, after all, consist of a continuous development of the initiative, responsibility, and reflection of the individual as opposed to the automatism and constraint of the group? This is the very law of all civilizing evolution. The smothering of individualism by collectivism can only be interpreted philosophically as a retrogression.

Guizot was wont to say that the sense of personality was unknown in antiquity. Beneath the ponderous mechanism of its legislation, Rome crushed all liberty and spontaneity. Fustel de Coulanges has pictured the crushing of the individual under the weight of the legalist state. The transcendent law, the sacred text above conscience, is not this the menacing

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conception of the Pentateuch and Deuteronomy? If you do not take care to carry out *every word* of this law, which is *written* in this book, then the Lord will strike you and your posterity. And to go deeper still into the past, was the man of the stone age, bound narrowly by tribal law, aught but a kind of slave?

Let us not make too much haste in putting aside the judgments of conscience. Conscience, by anticipation, often creates a jurisprudence of its own. Many legal obligations have had their rise in generous hearts, have been born in rare and scrupulous intellects before having been inscribed in books of law. Conscience outrides law because it looks to the law of the future. Long before slavery, torture, and the question had been torn from their legal standing, they had been condemned by the consciences of the elite. Should Voltaire have bent before the legal solution of the Calas affair?

Conscience, in addition, is more exacting than the law. All the laws can be respected without making one a just man. Many a bandit makes a protecting wall of a legal text. Law disinterests itself from certain injustices and accepts a world in which worth is not rewarded nor wickedness punished. Conscience has finer scruples. Doubtless it does not appear to us, as it did to Rousseau, in the guise of 'an infallible judge of good and evil,' for we are aware of its contradictions and variations in time and space. But do not our laws likewise make docile submission to political fluctuations and social changes? Should the law of the third of December, 1851, be respected by conscience? Should a judge never ask himself whether he should find inspiration less in a morally cramped law of the past than in a law of the future already promulgated and applied by conscience?

All these considerations, be it understood, must not be taken as referring to the trial mentioned above. It is in the nature of things that the replies noted should provoke reflection. But is it not piquant to note that the witness who drew upon himself the magistrate's condemnation is a deputy; that is to say, a man well situated to know how ephemeral and perishable are laws, since he busies himself with making them? Was the reprimanded legislator aware of the irony of his lesson? What would become of us if he determined on the letter of the law?

Le Temps

THE VISITOR

BY FORREST REID

> All day within the dreaming house
> Old voices called her. — *Mariana.*

In the drawing room up at Tolyneal House Miss Chant sat waiting for her guests. Everything was prepared, tea would be brought up as soon as they arrived, and Miss Chant, just as if she had had nothing to do with all those preparations, sat with her thin hands folded in her lap, the picture of aristocratic idleness.

Every now and again she cast a half-nervous, half-complacent glance round the big paneled room. The bright chintzes, the china ornaments, the soft gray carpet, all suggested to her a harmonious and distinguished comfort. She herself, indeed, sitting so quietly there, was not unlike an article of vertu, fragile and precious, beautifully surviving from some vanished period. Her thin, ascetic face, with its faint, wild-rose coloring, her folded hands, were in perfect keeping with the specimens of rare porcelain that gleamed from the shallow-shelved cabinet behind her. The yellow sunlight of

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a July afternoon streamed through the curtained windows, waking the dragons on a Chinese jar to fiery life. The whole room seemed flooded with light and magic color. That same light, as Miss Chant could see, flooded the garden outside.

Her chair was placed not far from the window, so that she commanded a view of the short drive, while she, herself, screened by one of the curtains, was invisible to anybody approaching the house. The lawn, the paths, the flower beds, were all a little unkempt, perhaps, for there had never been money to keep the place up properly — never within her memory, at least. But that wilderness quality had been the delight of her childhood and it was her delight to-day. The soil was so generous that it could not help yielding a multitude of flowers. That passionate blaze of color was in Miss Chant's eyes now. It rose to her, through the heavy sunlight and the wild perfume, in a kind of symphonic din — too strong, too riotous maybe, for she trembled slightly, and the faint flush in her cheeks deepened as she turned back to the more subdued life indoors.

Her eyes sought the clock on the chimney-piece. Its hands marked twenty-five minutes past four. A pigeon began to coo softly from the roof.

Miss Chant, notwithstanding her stillness, was obviously excited. She expected visitors, but just one guest was uncertain. She had hoped that Mr. Outram, if he *were* coming, would arrive before the others, and she wondered if he were staying away purposely — if he were a little shy, perhaps, at meeting everybody for the first time since the announcement of their engagement.

But was not that the sound of voices? They were coming. She peeped out to see only Constance Glendon and her mother — Constance wearing her gray and violet costume. And the Griersons. And Annette Kavanagh. And Canon Daly and his wife. Only, why were the Griersons not driving? And others were following — many others. It was odd they should all have arrived together.

A single silvery note floated out from the clock, and all was still. The silence lasted but a second or two, yet in those seconds everything was changed. Gone was the enchanted, colored light; gone the gay party of guests — only the pigeon, hidden in the old roof, continued to coo softly.

And an old, white-haired lady sat in a big, paneled room — a room dim and shabby, with a torn, threadbare carpet the color of dust. The furniture was worn and broken, covered with faded coverings to hide the soiled upholstery beneath; on a table some tea-things were set; outside, in the ruined garden, only the roughest, hardiest plants fought their way between tangled weeds and grasses.

Young Stephen Outram, having spent a day or two in Dublin, proceeded by train to Tolyneal. Arrived at his destination, he had his traps conveyed to the Dog and Partridge, while he, himself, set out to explore the countryside. It stretched all round him — beautiful, with a rich and drowsy beauty — wood and hill and pasture, against the softest, deepest sky. He walked on till he reached a broken wooden gate, which leaned open, revealing an avenue over-arched by trees. The broken gate suggested an uninhabited house, and Stephen could not resist the temptation to go inside. He followed the drive for a few yards, till it turned abruptly, and he found himself in the greenest, coolest spot he had ever beheld. The turf be-

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fore the house was thick with moss; beyond the little sweep of sickle-shaped lawn all was a tangled jungle. Only, the house was not empty. A thin trail of smoke came from one of the chimneys. Ancient and discolored, crowned in creepers, its woodwork cracked and blistered, lost in this depth of green woodland, Stephen gazed at it with a thrill of pleasure. Surely he could get a room here. Half the rooms must be empty. The cooing of a pigeon was the only sound he heard.

Stephen entered the dilapidated porch and tugged at a bell. For a minute or two he heard nothing but the jangling wires; then there came a sound of footsteps, and the door opened. An old, white-haired lady stood before him. Her black dress was shabby, her slippers a little down at heel, yet Stephen somehow failed to see in her the caretaker he had expected, and the question he intended to ask died upon his lips. The old lady watched him with a strange, still look, so fixed that it made him more embarrassed than ever, till suddenly her whole face lit up in a beautiful smile of welcome.

'I am Miss Chant,' she said, and paused, as if waiting for him to speak. Then she added, 'Won't you come in?'

He did not know quite what her invitation meant, but he followed her upstairs, and sat down facing one of the windows, while he noticed the tea-things on the table and wondered why she wanted so many.

And again he became conscious that she was watching him, looking at him with that same sweet, yet half-abstracted air, as if he were not really a living thing, perhaps, but an image evoked from memory. The situation was odd, and Stephen was very young. Through the stillness there came the low note of a pigeon, and that, too, had grown mysterious and dreamlike.

To break the silence he told her of his journey, and she listened so quietly that he found himself forced into a detailed history of his wanderings. He talked on, and it was as if he were obliged to do so by that atmosphere of expectant stillness, which closed in about him, irresistibly and at once, whenever he paused.

But suddenly he knew she was about to speak. He stopped abruptly, his eyes on her face.

'Your home is in the south of England?' she said, with a repressed and tremulous eagerness. 'I know it must seem very silly to ask, but I wonder if you have ever met a Mr. Outram — a Mr. Stephen Outram, who lives there. You reminded me ——.'

'My name is Stephen Outram,' he faltered. But with that it all became clear to him and he laughed aloud. 'Of course — I don't know why I did n't think of it before — it must be my father you mean. He stayed at Tolyneal once when he was a young man. It was he who told me about the place. But it must have been years and years ago — oh, long before I was born.'

She seemed to shrink away a little, as if his words had brought back a painful memory. But almost immediately she recovered herself. 'I did not know he had married. Sometimes I forget how time passes. You must forgive me. Yes, it was years and years ago. He told you.'

Stephen again felt vaguely troubled. His smile was rather uneasy as he looked past her and out of the window. 'Oh, he just happened to mention it as a jolly little place where he had once spent a holiday. I had forgotten all about it till the name caught my eye when I was looking over a railway guide. Since I was so close, I thought I might as well come and see it for myself. Fancy your remembering him

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after all this time!' He gathered courage as he again turned to face her. 'I must write and tell him he is n't quite forgotten. He'll be awfully glad I came.'

A vivid crimson spot now burned in each of the thin, delicate cheeks. 'And you will stay — you will stay here for a little?' she urged timidly. 'They can send your things over while I get your room ready.'

Stephen held back just a moment: then his response sounded, unqualified and sincere. 'Thanks. It's awfully good of you. I'll certainly stay if you 'll have me. I'd love, too, to make a drawing of the garden.'

They had both, on this, risen to their feet, and she said, 'I hope you will stay long enough to make many drawings.' Her voice shook slightly. To Stephen she seemed very frail, and gentle, and infinitely alone. 'Your father stayed here once. We thought he would come back, but he never came. And now — now, sometimes, I forget. I think he is coming. They all seem to come. To-day they came — for a little — for a moment. Then you, too, came.'

'Ah, but I've really come,' he answered boldly. 'I have n't come only for a moment. I'm alive, and young, and quite different: and I'll stay, because I want to stay.'

The broken sunlight trembled on the floor, like a wind-swept pool.

The Irish Statesman

LORD FISHER'S 'MEMORIES'

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

Lord Fisher has done for himself, with the aid of a typist, very much what Boswell did for Dr. Johnson, and on the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, the resultant volume was published under the title *Memories*. This is probably the most self-revealing book for which any man of action has been responsible since Nelson's Letters and Dispatches were published.

Lord Fisher has resisted the temptation to write an ordinary staid and chronological autobiography, if he ever felt that temptation. One is familiar with the mental picture of the man of four-score years or so, who, his life's battles fought, sits cramped up at a desk week after week surrounded by diaries and letters, manfully attempting to put on paper the record of what he has thought and said and done; and anxious to justify his errors. It is a rather melancholy business. You can see him moderating a statement here, stopping to search for the right adjective there, and at last receiving eagerly from his publisher a book which, though it deals with his vivid childhood and his virile manhood, reflects little of the *joie de vivre*, but is a tired man's story. Lord Fisher's book is not of this kind. Those who know him can see him walking up and down his room with vigorous steps,— although he will celebrate his seventy-ninth birthday on January 21 next,— alternately speaking and shouting at the typist, and quite possibly using his fist on some table near by to emphasize a point.

He has never known what work, or rather drudgery, is, as these *Memories* must convince the reader; he has gloried in all that he has done, whether on board ship, on duty at the Admiralty walking round Berkeley Square talking to Lord Rosebery, trying to avoid the appearance of dictating to his Sovereign, or waltzing in the ball room — frequently the quarter-deck of his own flagship — with some pretty woman, preferably an American. Nothing so human as, and nothing less modest than his book has appeared since the publication of

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Nelson's Letters and Dispatches. The personality of the author shouts at the reader from every page. It is a serious and rollicking, pious and secular, humorous and, in places, sad, but, above all, original book.

As might be expected by those who know Lord Fisher, he begins with the memories of later days, and then proceeds, as his fancy leads him, to talk to the reader. He jumps from one epoch to another apparently haphazard, and it is only when one closes the book that one realizes that there has been a method in the seeming madness and order in the apparent chaos. Thus it happens that the book opens with a fascinating picture of King Edward VII, who, 'beside his wonderful likeness to King Henry VIII, had that great king's remarkable aptitude of combining autocracy with almost a socialistic tie with the masses.' He is Lord Fisher's master hero. There emerges from these pages a portrait of a king beloved of his people, who was also a great statesman — not, as Lord Fisher considers, in any way 'a clever man,' as cleverness is measured by conventional standards, but a man who had 'the heavenly gift of proportion and perspective. He foresaw the war with Germany, and through all the controversies of those pre-war years he supported the two men who were shaping the naval and military forces of the empire for the coming ordeal. But he did more than that; he won the hearts of the French people, and he realized the importance of our making friends with Russia. With a reckless indiscretion Lord Fisher reveals the solicitude with which King Edward surveyed the political horizon and studied the gradual evolution of the British Navy and the British Army as they were being shaped to fulfill their new mission.

Lord Fisher makes no secret of the opinions which he held as far back as 1907 and 1908 as to Germany's intentions, and after quoting a long letter written to King Edward in the former year, he sketches the plan which he had in his mind for avoiding the great war:

> It is admitted that it was not quite a gentlemanly thing for Nelson to go and destroy the Danish fleet at Copenhagen without notice, but 'la raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure.'
>
> Therefore, in view of the known steadfast German purpose as always unmitigatedly set forth by the German High Authority, that it was Germany's set intention to make even England's mighty navy hesitate at sea, it seemed to me simply a sagacious act on England's part to seize the German fleet when it was so very easy of accomplishment in the manner I sketched out to His Majesty and probably without bloodshed. But, alas! even the whisper of it excited exasperation against the supposed bellicose, but really peaceful, First Sea Lord and the project was damned.
>
> Alas! we had no Pitt, no Bismarck, no Gambetta! And consequently came those terrible years of war with millions massacred and maimed and many millions more of their kith and kin with pierced hearts and bereft of all that was mortal for their joy.

After this preamble Lord Fisher explains why he began this book — 'not an autobiography, but a collection of memories of a life-long war against limpets, parasites, sycophants, and jellyfish.' He confesses that 'at times they stung, but that only made me more relentless, ruthless, and remorseless.' He hates books, since 'the printed can never convey the virtue of the soul,' but, having put his hand to the plough, he went forward —

> Because of the overbearing argument that I cannot resist that I shall be helping to:
>
> (*a*) Avoid national bankruptcy.
>
> (*b*) Avert the insanity and wickedness of building a navy against the United States.

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(c) Establish a union with America as advocated by John Bright and Mr. Roosevelt.

(d) Enable the United States and British navies to say to all other navies: 'If you build more we will fight you here and now. We'll "Copenhagen" you without remorse.'

The reader might expect after this that Lord Fisher would sketch an Anglo-American policy in some detail. Not at all, for there is nothing prosy about this book; every sentence hits the target with a bang. He swings round to talk of Von Pohl and Von Tirpitz, incidentally discussing Mr. Beit, Cecil Rhodes, W. T. Stead, and Lord Jellicoe, a 'born commander of a fleet.'

Like poets, fleet admirals are born, not made! Nascitur nor fit! Jellicoe is incomparable as the Commander of a Fleet, but to prop up an effete administration he allowed himself to be cajoled away from his great post of duty.

I told the Dardanelles Commission (why they asked me I don't know!) that Jellicoe had all the Nelsonic attributes except one — he is totally wanting in the great gift of insubordination. Nelson's greatest achievements were all solely due to his disobeying orders!

War is big conceptions and quick decisions. Think in oceans, shoot at sight! The essence of war is violence. Moderation in war is imbecility. All we have done in this war is to imitate the Germans! We have neither been Napoleonic in audacity nor Cromwellian in thoroughness, nor Nelsonic in execution. Always, always, always 'Too Late!'

I could finish this present German submarine menace in a few weeks, but I must have power. My plans would be emasculated if I handed them in. I must be able to say to the men I employ: 'If you don't do what I tell you, I'll make your wife a widow and your house a dunghill!' (and they know I would!).

Don't prescribe till you're called in! Someone else might put something else in the pill!

That is an extract from a letter written at the end of 1916, and all the letters in the book are very much like it.

'Economy Is Victory' is the title of another chapter, in which Lord Fisher talks of Mr. Reginald McKenna and Mr. Walter Runciman, two of his close friends, and 'extremely cunning at figures.' Describing one period at the Admiralty, he remarks:

At that time I was 'Pooh-Bah' at the Admiralty; the First Lord was in a trance, and the Financial Secretary had locomotor ataxia. I was the First Sea Lord, and I acted for both the Financial Secretary and the First Lord in their absence. I was n't justified, but I did it. So I was the *tria juncta in uno;* and I referred, as First Sea Lord, a matter to the Financial Secretary for his urgent and favorable consideration, and he favorably commended it to the First Lord, who invariably cordially approved. It was all over in about a minute. Business buzzed!

Why did Lord Fisher resign his position as First Sea Lord? What part did he have in the inception and prosecution of the Dardanelles campaign? In the course of what he describes as his 'peripatetic dictation,' he lifts the veil from this great adventure, referring, in parenthesis, to Zeebrugge:

Now if anyone thinks that in this chapter they are going to see sport, and that I am going to trounce Mr. Winston Churchill and abuse Mr. Asquith, and put it all upon poor Kitchener, they are woefully mistaken. It was a miasma like the invisible, scentless, poisonous — deadly poisonous — gas with which my dear friend Brock, of imperishable memory and Victoria Cross bravery, wickedly massacred at Zeebrugge, was going (in unison with a plan I had) to polish off not alone every human soul in Heligoland and its surrounding fleet sheltered under its guns from the Grand Fleet, but every rabbit.

Brock was lost to us in the massacre of Zeebrugge — lost uselessly; for no such folly was ever devised by fools as such an operation as that of Zeebrugge divorced from military coöperation on land.

What were the bravest of the brave massacred for? Was it glory? Is the British Navy a young navy requiring

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glory? When twenty-five per cent of our officers were killed a few days since, sinking two Bolshevist battleships, etc., and heroic on their own element, the sea, we all thank God, as we should do, that Nelson, looking down on us in Trafalgar Square, feels his spirit is still with us. But for sailors to go on shore and attack forts, which Nelson said no sailor but a lunatic would do, without those on shore of the military persuasion to keep what you have stormed, is not only silly, but it's murder, and it's criminal.

Also by the time Zeebrugge was attacked the German submarine had got far beyond a fighting radius that required this base near the English coast. As Dean Inge says: 'We must hope that in the Paradise of brave men the knowledge is mercifully hid from them that they died in vain.' Again, this is a digression — but such must be the nature of this book when speaking *ore rotundo* and from the fullness of a disgusted heart, that such lions should be led by such asses.

Lord Fisher's thesis is that England is an island, and that he was determined on pursuing a maritime policy in the war, which meant that he would have landed a military force on Germany's Baltic shores, striking at the very heart of Prussia and Prussianism. With that end in view, he prepared a programme of six hundred and twelve new ships. He objected to the Dardanelles operations from the first, because the scheme was unsound and because it endangered his great project; but he was anxious to remain at the Admiralty in order to push through his programme. He backed up Mr. Churchill until he resigned —'He had courage and imagination; he was a war man!' In opposing the attack on the Dardanelles, Lord Fisher tells us that he stood alone, among ministers as well as among experts. He urges that the expert is the adviser, and not the dictator; the ultimate responsibility in peace, as in war, rests with the ministers in accordance with the principles of constitutional government. At any rate, he was one against many. When, on May 14, 1915, Mr. Churchill drafted orders for further naval reinforcements for the Dardanelles, a course to which the First Sea Lord would not assent, Lord Fisher left the Admiralty. He had threatened to resign before; now he did resign, and dramatically, as is his wont.

Lord Fisher has sometimes been criticized because he opposed the development of a great War Staff at the Admiralty. 'Lord Haldane, with his "art of clear thinking,"' he tells us, 'elaborated the Imperial War Staff to its present magnificent dimensions,' and he adds that 'if any man wants a thing advertised, let him take it over there to the Secret Department.' He confesses that 'only Sir Arthur Wilson and myself, when I was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, knew the naval man of war.'

I loved Sir Arthur Wilson's reported reply to the maniacs who think the navy is the same as the army. If it is not true it is *ben trovato*. He said the Naval War Staff at the Admiralty consisted of himself — assisted by every soul inside the Admiralty, and he added, 'including the charwomen' — they emptied the waste-paper baskets full of the plans of the amateur strategists — Cabinet and otherwise.

And then Lord Fisher proceeds to discuss current ideas with reference to a Naval War Staff:

The vulgar error of Lord Haldane and others, who are always talking about 'clear thinking' and suchlike twaddle, is that they do not realize that the army is so absolutely different from the navy. Every condition in them both is different. The navy is always at war, because it is always fighting winds and waves and fog. The navy is ready for an absolute instant blow; it has nothing to do with strategic railways, lines of communication, or bridging rivers, or crossing mountains, or the time of the year, when the Balkans may be snowed under and mountain passes may be impassable. No; the ocean is limitless and unobstructed; and the fleet, each ship

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manned, gunned, provisioned, and fueled, ready to fight within five minutes. The army not only has to mobilize, but — thank God! this being an island — it has to be carried somewhere by the navy, no matter where it acts.

In Lord Fisher's opinion, 'the mischief to the navy is that our very ablest naval officers, both old and young, get attracted by the brainy work and by the shoregoing appointment,' and he adds, 'the land is a shocking bad training ground for the sea.' His view is that, 'so far as the navy is concerned, the tendency of these "thinking establishments" on shore is to convert splendid sea officers into very indifferent clerks.'

Later on in the book, Lord Fisher's mind switches back to Nelson, and he agrees with Lord Rosebery that 'Nelson being slighted has led to his greater appreciation.'

> Again,— even a greater slight, a slight he feels more,— when he looks down from his monument in Trafalgar Square, does he see anywhere those splendid captains of his — does he see anywhere a single admiral? Not one. And yet who made England what she is? Those splendid sea heroes are in very deed 'England's forgotten worthies.' Yes! Nelson looks down from his isolated column, and looks in vain for Hawke, Dundonald, Howe, Hood, Rodney, Cornwallis, Benbow, 'and a great multitude which no man can number'— all seamen of deathless fame, fighting single-frigate actions, cutting out the enemy's ships from under the guns of forts, sending in fireships and burning the enemy's vessels thought to be safe in harbor under the guns of their forts — doers of imperishable deeds! Death found them fighting. We have heaps of statues to everybody else. Indeed, such a lot of them, that they reach down as far off as Knightsbridge. But who knows about Quiberon — one of the greatest of sea fights? And if you mention Hawke, your friend probably thinks only of his worthy descendant — the cricketer.
>
> An old woman eating a penny bun asked a friend of mine called Buggins, when she was passing through Trafalgar Square, 'What are them lions a-guarding of?' Buggins told her that her penny bun would have cost her threepence if it had n't been for the man them lions were a-guarding of. When I see the Duke of York's Column still allowed to rear its futile head, and scores of other fifth-rate nonentities glorified by statues, I thank God I'm a sailor — we don't want to be in that gallery!

Lord Esher collected in three bulky volumes the letters he received from Lord Fisher from 1903 onward. Though 'many of them,' we are told, 'are unquotable, so blasting are they in their truth to existing reputations,' a large selection of them are included in this volume. They constitute a fascinating reflection of the workings of the mind of this man of action and world affairs. As other chapters are illustrated by parable or anecdote, so these letters bristle with epigram. In one of these epistles occurs an account which Mr. Beit gave to the admiral in 1907 of a conversation which he had with the German Emperor:

> *Beit:* Your Majesty is very greatly mistaken in supposing that any feeling exists in England for war with Germany. I know both Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are absolutely averse to any such action. I know this of my own personal knowledge.
>
> *The Emperor:* 'Yes, yes, but it does n't matter whether either of them is Prime Minister, or what party is in power. Fisher remains! that's the vital fact! I admire Fisher. I say nothing against him. If I were in his place I should do all that he has done (in concentrating the British Navy against Germany), and I should do all that I know he has it in his mind to do. Isvolsky, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, holds the same opinion.

And then in the following year occurred another curious reflection of German anxiety, as recorded in another of Lord Fisher's letters:

> Secret. Tirpitz asked a mutual civilian friend living in Berlin to inquire very privately of me whether I would agree on

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limiting size of guns and size of ships, as this is vital to the Germans, who can't go bigger than the Dreadnought in guns or size. I wrote back by return of post yesterday morning, 'Tell him I'll see him d——d first!'

There is hardly a page of this book of *Memories* which does not contain some arresting passage, wise or otherwise, according to the predisposition of the reader. Lord Fisher, walking up and down his room in the presence of a typist, has produced a book unlike any book written before. That, no doubt, was his intention, and he has succeeded triumphantly. If any man or woman in future years wants to know what Lord Fisher was like, he or she will be told 'go and read his book—his one and only book.' For in this volume, altogether lacking in self-depreciation, and adorned with sixteen portraits or sketches of the author, but with the aroma of great and cherished friendships, this man of action, who gripped the navy and moulded it for its great ordeal, speaks with all the fire and eloquence, the surprise and apparent inconsequence, the force and the subtlety, familiar to those who have known him in hours of triumph as well as in periods of apparent defeat.

The Daily Telegraph

AUTUMN

BY FREDERIC IRVING TAYLOR

Garnered all the tawny sheaves;
And, amid the mists of gray,
Rustle now the crisping leaves
Down the ripe autumnal way;
While the golden orchards fling
Fruitage of the fragrant spring.

Sunward now the swallow hies
Lest the icy hours o'ertake;
Though, e'er true to home-bred skies,
Trills the robin in the brake—
Latest songster of the year
When the world is in the sere;

Till the fronded frost shall crown
Pastured lea and sylvan fold;
And, unleashed in wintry frown,
Frigid tempests scathe the wold:
Yet the longest, drearest night
Ends at last in rosy light.

The Outlook

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A VISITOR IN POLAND

BY MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON

WARSAW was deep in snow when I arrived. The sleighs with their drivers in high fur caps and heavy sheepskin coats, the women with colored shawls upon their heads, the Jews in their long gaberdines, black caps, and ritual curls upon their cheek bones suggested something of the East. Later I realized this was external only. Poland is of the West, bound by the ties of culture and religion, her civilization alien and distinct from the oriental splendor, the barbaric poverty of Russia. With the passing of winter Warsaw emerged as a western capital with nothing of the East except the Jews and the great Russian Church. A city of huge flats built on the Continental plan, it is only in the old town you find traces of the ancient Polish culture. Indeed, in the distance from the Russian Church in the Staski Platz to the Cathedral we traverse the difference between East and West. The great church built in the square where Polish patriots innumerable have died, has a beauty and a power at once sinister and seductive. The strength of the structure, the arrogance of its massive lines, the majesty of its huge towers, the contempt of its cupolas and minarets form a whole which seems to dominate and possess the spirit of the city. In the old town you are again in Europe. A firm of wine sellers is housed in a building which might have been removed from Florence, Italian villas dating from the fourteenth century are hidden behind modern frontages. Polish architecture draws its inspiration from the art of the middle ages and throughout the country you find white marble palaces designed by Italian architects.

The air is intensely dry and very rarefied, so that the cold is far more bearable than might be supposed. I was assured that spring in Poland is a wonderful experience. Unfortunately, I missed this particular delight. Spring did not appear until the beginning of June when it was merged in the tropical heat of summer. The Germans I was told are responsible for this climatic deficiency. I am prepared to believe very much in relation to the Huns, but this particular enormity seemed a little staggering. My friends insisted, however, that the cutting down of the huge forests in Lithuania had so modified weather conditions that spring was somehow or other mislaid. To the Germans also we owed the Bolshevist wind, as they call it in Warsaw, which, untempered by the forest trees, swoops right down from Siberia. During the early months of this year, when fuel was scarce and fabulously dear, the people suffered terribly. Rye bread was not plentiful, and not until the American flour appeared were the masses of the population in the cities able to taste white. Long queues of patient women lined the streets waiting for the ticket which would entitle them to their ration. Most of them wore wooden sandals and their legs were bare; hardly any were to be seen in boots, which then cost £20 a pair.

The patience of the Poles, born of years of oppression, strikes the English

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mind as something tragic, almost terrible. I have known a crowd of men and women stand for four and twenty hours outside the wrong door waiting for food tickets. On discovering that they had mistaken the building they went patiently away to take up their station at another door which might turn out equally wrong. There were few complaints and not the least sign of disturbance. Under Russian rule if a Pole shouted in the street, either in wrath or enthusiasm, he was immediately arrested. Even now they find it difficult to break this enforced discipline. When I first went over I noticed a curious lack of spontaneity in their cheers. 'Our liberty is so new,' said a Polish woman, 'that we are still afraid to raise our voices.'

There was at least one occasion, however, when this enforced silence was more passionately expressive of national feeling than any demonstration. After prolonged intercession with the Russian Government, the people of Warsaw were given permission to erect a statue of the great poet Mickiewicz. The statue was set up in the Cracowski Pszedmeister, the principal street of Warsaw, and as a special concession the unveiling was permitted to take place in public, under certain conditions. The ceremony was to be held at dawn and the people assembled were forbidden to give any sign. Any outbreak of enthusiasm would immediately be put down, those who cheered would be taken to prison. An eye-witness of the scene told me it was one of the most poignant spectacles imaginable. In the early dawn of a spring morning thousands of people from every part of Poland were gathered in the streets. The crowd was dense so that those on the outskirts could not hope to catch a glimpse of what was happening. From every part of the city came hurrying feet, but their steps broke the silence only; not a word was spoken, not a cry raised. The stillness was like an act of worship, it seemed to fill the heavens, to cover the earth.

The population of Warsaw is something over a million and the overcrowding is intense. As a fortress the city was unable to expand outward, and as a consequence the buildings gradually increased in height until they bid fair to rival the sky-scrapers in New York. There are quite a number of parks and pleasure gardens; small but well kept and crowded throughout the warm weather. As yet the people of Warsaw have not adopted the riverside as a favorite promenade.

The Vistula, properly embanked, will provide a magnificent boulevard. In its present state the broken pavement which stretches between the bridges is a resort for shady characters, especially in the evening when the 'bandits,' as they term hooligans in Poland, have uninterrupted enjoyment of the situation. Personally, I found the bandits very pleasant people. I spent many a wonderful evening with them, the sky sapphire, the air hot with scents and odors unknown to milder climes, watching the mighty river that has seen the hosts of the East encamp upon its banks, that has watched them fold their tents and steal away like shadows. It was here that the Turkish contingent of the German army was stationed, fulfilling the peasant's prophecy that when the Turks watered their horses in the Vistula, Poland would be free. From the other side the frogs croaked their love-song, raucous as a policeman's rattle, and always insistent over sight and sound the penetrating fragrance of the lime-trees.

The streets are wide and well lit, the restaurants and *cukiernias* — tea shops — spacious and imposing build-

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ings in the style of the first empire. In the summer an open-air café is made by the addition of an awning and a ready-made hedge of box or laurel which during the winter months reposes in a cellar. The hedge encloses a number of chairs and tables at which people sit and sip their tea, coffee, or chocolate. Vodka, beer, or wine are never served at a *cukiernia*. They can be had only at a restaurant or café. Another quaint distinction is the absence of music in a tea shop. At the very cheapest restaurant there is invariably a small but excellent orchestra. There are no lighting restrictions and the city is brilliant with electric lamps. The color of the flowers and the trees, like their odor, is intensified to a high degree; green becomes indigo blue, yellow deepens to red gold, the streets, lined with lime trees, remind one of a stage setting. Restaurant life is very cheery. The Poles are splendid caterers, first-rate cooks, and their cakes are the desire of every gourmet throughout Europe. Those who had money found little difficulty in solving the food problem, but since I left Warsaw, provisions even to the well-to-do have become scarce.

Next to the cafés the churches are the most popular meeting places; they have always played a large part in the national political life. Every revolution had its inception in a church, and when the Russians suspected trouble they always raided 'The Holy Cross,' where Chopin's heart lies buried. It was in the Insurrection of '63 that the Cossacks surrounded the Cathedral and arrested the entire congregation of two thousand. The officiating priest at the head of his people led the way through the town up to the citadel, the Cossacks riding in the midst, laying about with their *nahikas* — leathern thongs, tipped with metal. The Governor received the concourse characteristically; 'Where,' said he, with a professional glance at the waiting people, 'where shall we find the rope to hang so many?'

It is difficult to realize the state of Warsaw on November 11, 1918. After nearly two centuries of foreign rule the Poles were free. The gift of liberty had descended, as it were, from on high — 'The Providence of God' as a Polish lady phrased it. It was she who described to me something of her sensations on that morning. 'I could not believe it was real and I walked about the streets, tears running down my face, fearing we had been again deceived. And then when I saw bands of students, workmen, school boys tearing down the Russian eagle, defacing the symbol of Prussia which defiled our public building, I knew that it was true, that the hour for which our fathers had worked and prayed, the hour for which we had all suffered and endured had come at last.

It says much for the innate justice and kindliness of the Polish people that no acts of violence were committed against the enemy. Officers and privates were peacefully disarmed, held up in the streets, the trams, the restaurants anywhere and everywhere they were encountered. An English lady told me that one of her richest memories of that time was the spectacle of a tatterdemalion with a bundle of newspapers under one arm, while with the other he reached up for the sword of an officer blazing with many orders. The Prussians made no resistance, they were indeed astonished at the mildness of their treatment, and when they learned that the Poles proposed to send them back to Germany by train they were amazed; they fully expected to be obliged to walk.

Remembering the flaming injustice, the petty persecution under which the

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Poles had writhed during the occupation, their self-control on this occasion was stupendous. The following is a typical example of what happened under German rule. A campaign of wholesale pilfering was organized, by which churches, homes, shops, and institutions were systematically robbed. Every householder was compelled to furnish a list of the metal that his house contained from door handles to samovars. Plate of all descriptions was commandeered and the metal was stripped from the roofs of the churches, including the cupolas of the great Russian Church shining with copper gilt. It was somewhat difficult to find men willing to carry out this desecration; even the soldiers objected to the sacrilege. But the Germans were equal to the occasion. The Jews were nominated for this special service and hordes of men in gaberdines removed the pipes from the organs, the lead from the gutters, even the plate from the altars, in every town, city, and village throughout Russian Poland.

A German officer billeted in a Polish family found himself lonely on Christmas Day. The family was keeping the festival and the officer sent a note asking if he might join the party. The hostess was compelled to assent and Herr Lieutenant Grunsbach partook of a lavish supper and contributed several musical items to the evening's entertainment. It happened that his hostess had kept back a silver samovar from the knowledge of the Jews, which, usually secreted under the bed, on Christmas Day shone forth in all its glory. Someone suggested that it would be wiser were the samovar removed before the Herr Lieutenant entered, but the hostess insisted that he was there as a guest and not as an enemy, and that even a Prussian would respect the bread and salt. The evening following the party an unpleasant looking Jew came to the flat accompanied by two German *soldaten*. He had called to collect the samovar, which the Herr Lieutenant had reported was concealed. Not only was the samovar removed, but a fine was inflicted on the ground that the law had been disobeyed. Shortly after the officer asked his hostess why she avoided him. What had he done to offend her? Indignation could no longer be restrained, she told him what she thought of him, to his profound astonishment. How could she blame him for doing what was obviously his duty? Hospitality entailed no obligation to forget one's Fatherland. Germany had need of samovars; what mattered else?

But neither the dead weight of German oppression nor the spasmodic outbreaks of Russian cruelty could break the national consciousness of the Polish people. The use of their native language was prohibited in the schools; all notices or inscriptions in shop windows had to appear in Russian as well as Polish. It was forbidden to teach Polish history or Polish literature to workmen or peasants. But the very pressure of persecution kept the national spirit warm. Traditions were jealously guarded, the costume of every peasant was a symbol of Poland, the pictures of Kosciusko, Sobiesski, the oriflammes of a Holy War waged on every hearth.

Under the shadow of the Russian Eagle the bond of nationality broke down the barriers of caste. The social equality among the Poles is as significant and as national as in France. There is but one form of address for the Countess as for the chamber maid *prosze pani* — please, madam — and you speak to a waiter as to a Count whose acquaintance you are making. Like the French also, the Poles are politically conscious. The peasants

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have a very clear idea of foreign policy, the workmen can discuss economics as clearly and as logically as the *Intelligencia*. But it is in the *Seym*, as the Polish Parliament is called, that one realizes Poland is a democracy. The rural constituencies in overwhelming majority have elected peasants as their representatives. The proletariat have returned men of their own class to support their claims. A labor candidate in Poland does not possess a motor, nor does he 'work' like Mr. Philip Snowden or Ramsay Macdonald. He toils with his hands for a living, and he comes to the *Seym* in his working clothes. The political leaders are still recruited from the *Intelligencia*. But, and this is the important point, the rank and file of the party keep a tight hand on their chiefs. In the same way the *Seym* refuses to be controlled by the Cabinet and in many cases the supporters of the government join in criticizing a ministerial measure.

Unlike the Russians the Poles have a delightful sense of humor which they use unsparingly against their politicians. High officials have no awe for the people of Warsaw. The Prime Minister is as fair game for jest as the most raw M.P. jest, mark you, which aims infallibly for the vulnerable spot. Humor is the salt of Polish public life. A certain distinguished politician holding a prominent position in the Foreign Office was notorious for the carelessness of his attire. His clothes were never brushed, his linen incurably dingy. Sometime, it was argued, he must change his raiment, but as his shirts were always grimy it was decided that another person wore them first. It was a catch phrase in Warsaw when I was there, as to 'who wore M——'s clean collars?' The Pole has no delusion as to the professional politician. A distinguished man of letters refusing a position in the Ministry of Education was pressed to give his reason. 'I prefer to remain an honest man,' he answered, and the subject was closed.

The Polish peasants have a refreshing synonym for President Wilson. They call him the 'Blue Angel.' 'Because,' as a young soldier carefully explained to me, 'he would be good to look at in the sky.' It was not necessary to ask for their opinion as to that great man's utility on earth!

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THE MAN OF ROSS

BY E. V. LUCAS

I HAVE several reasons for remembering Ross, but the first is that a visit to that gray hillside town sent me to the authorities for more particulars concerning John Kyrle. Others are the intensity and density of the rain that can fall in Herefordshire; the sundial on Wilton Bridge; and the most elementary Roman Catholic chapel I ever saw — nothing but a bare room — made, however, when I pushed open the door on that chill and aqueous afternoon, cheerful and smiling by its full complement of votive candles all alight at once. In the honor of what saint they burned so gayly, like a little mass meeting of flames, I cannot say, but probably the Gentle Spirit of Padua, who not only befriends all tender young things, but (it is notorious) if properly approached can find again whatever you have lost; and most people have lost something. I remember Ross also because I had Dickens's Letters (that generous feast) with me, and behold! on the wall of the hotel, whose name I forget but which overlooks the sinuous Wye, was his autograph and an intimation that under that very roof — more hospitable then than in the rationing period of my sojourn — the novelist, in the eighteen-sixties, had arranged with John Forster the details of his American tour.

But these are digressions. The prime boast of Ross is that it had a Man; and this Man is immanent. You cannot raise your eyes in Ross without encountering a reminder of its Manhood, its Manliness; and the uninstructed, as they wander hither and thither, naturally become more and more curious as to his identity: how he obtained the definite article so definitely, and what he did for the place.

I cannot lay claim personally to total uninstruction. I remembered faintly Pope's lines which made the fame of the Man, but I retained only a general impression of them as praising a public benefactor who did astonishing things on a very small income, and thus was to put to shame certain men of wealth in Pope's day who did for their fellow creatures nothing at all. But nowhere could I find the lines. The guide books refer to them lightly as though they were in every consciousness, and pass on. No shop had a copy of Pope; none of the picture post cards quoted them; they were not on the monument in the church; they were nowhere in the hotel. And this is odd, because it was probably not until the illustrious London poet had set the seal of his approval on their late townsman and benefactor that the people of Ross realized, not only how very remarkable had he been, but also that to be associated with such a personage might mean both distinction and profit. For the phrase 'The Man of Ross' is now everywhere: he who once fathered orphans and the unfortunate now spreads his cloak over tea shops, inns, and countless commercial ventures.

Here, however, is the passage, from the third *Moral Epistle*. (Pope, it will be recalled, is moralizing on riches, in metrical conversation with Lord Bathurst):

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P.: Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveler repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans, blest
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B.: Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh, say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P.: Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man possest — five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminished rays.

B.: And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P.: Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there,* where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue filled the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

If the impression conveyed by those lines is that the Man of Ross was more of a saint than a Herefordshire squire, the fault is the poet's and in part his medium's. The Augustan couplet tended to a heightening, dehumanizing effect. As a matter of fact, John Kyrle would seem to have soared not at all: the plainest and most direct of men, he took to altruism and municipal improvements very much as his neighbors took to agriculture or cock-fighting. It was his amusement or hobby to make Ross a more livable-in place.

But before the poem is examined more closely, let me give the outline of John Kyrle's life. His father was Walter Kyrle of Ross, a barrister and J.P., and M.P. for Leominster in the Long Parliament. John was born on May 22, 1637, and educated at Ross Grammar School and Balliol College. He then passed on to the Middle Temple, but on succeeding to his father's property, worth about £600 a year, he settled down at Ross and commenced philanthropy, and never relaxed his efforts until his death many years later. He lived in the house opposite the very charming Market-hall, unmarried, and cared for by a relation named Miss Judith Bubb. He sat commonly in a huge and very solid chair, established on its stout legs like a rock, which I saw not long since in

* The parish register.

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the window of an old curiosity shop in Monmouth, where it serves as a show and a lure. The proprietor had, in October last, no wish to part with it. According to a portrait of the Man of Ross which exists, made surreptitiously (for he would have none of your limners), as he sat at worship, he was tall, broad-shouldered, of sanguine complexion, with a big nose. He wore a brown suit and a short bushy wig, and he had a loud voice. He visited a Dame's school (says the writer of the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, giving, however, no reference to his authority) once a week, and on hearing of any delinquency would reprimand the infant in these words: 'Od's bud, Od's bud, but I will mend you!' A burly man with a red face, big nose, and loud voice speaking thus might, to the young, be a too terrifying object, but we must guess that John Kyrle tempered the wind. Other *Dictionary of National Biography* statements are to the effect that tradition gives Kyrle credit for releasing poor debtors and starting them on new careers, and that although for so long, as Pope tells us, he stood between attorney and litigant, the law was ultimately too much for him, and he too became involved in a suit. He lived to be eighty-seven, dying of sheer old age on November 7, 1724. His body lay in state in the church of Ross for nine days, and was then buried without a headstone.

For the prose of Kyrle's life and achievements, as distinguished from Pope's poetry, we have to go first to the diary of Thomas Hearn the antiquary. Under the date April 9, 1732–33, Hearn writes—'He (John Kirle or Kyrle) was a very humble good-natured man. He was a man of little or no literature. He always studied to do what good charitable offices he could, and was always pleased when an object offered. He was reverenced and respected by all people. He used to drink and entertain with cider, and was a sober, discreet man. He would tell people when they dined or supped with him that he could (if they pleased) let them have wine to drink, but that his own drink was cider, and that he found it most agreeable to him, and he did not care to be extravagant with his small fortune. His estate was five hundred pounds per annum, and no more, with which he did wonders. He built and endowed a hospital, and built the spire of Ross. When any litigious suits fell out, he would always stop them and prevent people's going to law. They would, when differences happened, say, "go to the great man of Ross," or, which they did more often, "go to the man of Ross and he will decide the matter." He left a nephew, a man good for little or nothing. He would have given all from him, but a good deal being entailed he could not. He smoked tobacco, and would generally smoke two pipes if in company, either at home or elsewhere.'

A year later Hearn corrected certain of these statements. Thus: '1734. April 16. Mr. Pope had the main of his information about Mr. Kirle, commonly called *the Man of Ross* (whom he characterizeth in his poem of the "Use of Riches"), from Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who hath purchased an estate of about a thousand a year, and lives in Herefordshire, a man that is a great, sniveling, poor-spirited whigg, and good for nothing that I know of. Mr. Brome tells me in his letter from Ewithington on November 23, 1733, that he does not think the truth is strained in any particulars of the character, except it be in his being founder of the church and spire of Ross . . . but he was a great benefactor; and at the re-casting of the bells gave a tenor,

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a large bell. Neither does Mr. Brome find he was founder of any hospital, and he thinks his knowledge in medicine extended no further than kitchen physic, of which he was very liberal, and might thereby preserve many lives.

'April 18. Yesterday Mr. Matthew Gibson, minister of Abbey Dore in Herefordshire, just called upon me. I asked him whether he knew Mr. Kirle, commonly called *the Man of Ross*. He said he did very well, and that his (Mr. Matthew Gibson's) wife is his near relation; I think he said he was her uncle. I told him the said *Man of Ross* was an extraordinary charitable generous man, and did much good. He said he did do a great deal of good, but that was all out of vanity and ostentation, being the vainest man living, and that he always hated his relations and would never look upon, or do anything for them, though many of them were very poor. I know not what credit to give to Mr. Gibson in that account, especially since this same Gibson hath more than once, in my presence, spoke inveterately against that good honest man Dr. Adam Ottley, late bq. of St. David's. Besides, this Gibson is a crazed man, and withall stingy, though he be rich, and hath no child by his wife.'

Another authority, more or less a contemporary, on the Man of Ross, was Thomas Hutcheson, barrister, a descendant who became the owner of Kyrle's property. According to him Pope's questioning line:

> Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?

rather too sumptuously covers the planting of a 'long shady walk, of nearly a mile and a half . . . called Kyrle's Walks, on the summit of the eminence commanding a beautiful prospect of the Wye.' The poet's next query:

> From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

is answered thus: 'The Man of Ross promoted, and partly assisted by his own pecuniary aid, the erection of a small water work near the river Wye, which supplied the town of Ross with water, in which article it was very deficient before.' A further commentary was drawn from Mr. Hutcheson by the couplet:

> Behold the market place with poor o'erspread!

'He kept open house every market-day; any person without distinction might meet on that day at his hospitable board, which, according to the stories related to me by some old tenants, consisted of a joint of meat of each sort. The poor, who were always in waiting on that day, and every other, had distributed to them, by his own superintendence, the whole of the remains of each day, besides continual distributions of bread, etc.'

As to Pope's question:

> Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?

it seems that the poet was desperately out. The causeway connecting the town with the river dated from before the fourteenth century, but Kyrle probably saw to its proper maintenance.

Finally, let us see what the Sage of Fleet Street has to say to the statement:

> The Man possest — five hundred pounds a year,

and its implication that everything was done on that sum. In the critical notice of Pope in *The Lives of the Poets*, Dr. Johnson remarks: 'Wonders are willingly told and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevo-

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lence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place, and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavored, it must be shown to be practicable.'

So much for all the advocates — angeli and diaboli! But I think we need pay little attention to Mr. Gibson's testimony. Even though he were in part right, and a tinge of self-esteem or love of applause crept into the Man's benefactions, they remain benefactions no less, costing him as much money, and reaching the same goals. But away with such belittlings! Let us rather remember that the Reverend Matthew Gibson was crazed, stingy withal, and had no child by his wife. Personally, I agree with my friend Mr. A. L. Humphreys, who has put it on record that, in his belief, it would be a good thing if every parish had a Man of Ross in preference to a parson. No harm perhaps in a parson as well, but the Man is more important.

What no one tells us is, by whom and when the munificent Mr. Kyrle was first called the Man of Ross. Although Pope made his fame, he did not invent this term for him; he merely passed it on and fixed it in literature. This we know from a paragraph in the *News Letter* of November 19, 1724, years before Pope wrote, recording the death of 'John Kyrle, Esq., in the eighty-eighth year of his age, called by way of excellency the "Man of Ross."'

Pope was perfectly aware that he over, rather than under, stated his case. Writing to Tonson, when the third *Moral Epistle* was still in the course of completion, to thank him for the details of information about the Man of Ross, he says (the date is June, 1732):

> They are more than sufficient for my honest purpose of setting up his fame as an example to greater and wealthier men how they ought to use their fortunes. You know few of these particulars can be made to shine in verse, but I have selected the most affecting, and added two or three which I learned from other hands. A small exaggeration you must allow me as a poet, yet I was determined the groundwork at least should be truth, which made me so scrupulous in my inquiries, and sure, considering that the world is bad enough to be always extenuating and lessening what virtue is among us, it is but reasonable to pay if sometimes a little over measure to balance that injustice, especially when it is done for example and encouragement to others. If any man shall ever happen to endeavor to emulate the Man of Ross, 't will be no manner of harm if I make him think he was something more charitable and more beneficent than really he was, for so much more good it would put the imitator upon doing, and further I am satisfied in my conscience (from ye strokes in two or three *accounts* I have of his character) that it was in his will and in his heart to have done every good a poet can imagine.
>
> My motive in singling out this man was twofold. First to distinguish real and solid worth from showish or plausible expense, and virtue from vanity; and secondly to humble the pride of greater men, by an opposition of one so obscure and so distant from all ye sphere of public glory — this proud town. To send you any of the particular verses will be much to the prejudice of the whole, which, if it has any beauty, derives it from the manner in which it is *Placed* as ye *contraste* (as ye painters call it) in which it stands with ye pompous figures of famous or rich or high-born men.
>
> I was not sorry he had no monument, and will put that circumstance into a note, perhaps into the body of the poem itself (unless you entreat the contrary in your own favor by your zeal to erect one). I would, however, in this case spare your

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censure upon his hair (so well as he deserves it), because I dare say after seeing his picture everybody will turn that circumstance to his honor, and conclude the Man of Ross himself would not have any monument in memory of his own good name.

I am not aware whether it was Tonson who set up the monument in Ross church; but one is to be seen there, on the north wall of the chancel, near the slab that now marks the site of his burial.

At least one more poetical tribute from genius did John Kyrle win. Among the *Juvenile Poems* of Samuel Taylor Coleridge is this:

Lines written at the King's Arms, Ross, formerly the house of the 'Man of Ross.'

Richer than Miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than Kings, or king-polluted Lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross! O Traveler, hear!
Departed Merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health.
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marked the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shriveled captive lay,
Poured the bright blaze of Freedom's noontide ray.
Beneath this roof if they cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
To higher zest shall Memory wake thy soul,
And Virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought;
Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness, thou hast never felt!

The sad and lonely poet, tempest-tossed in thought, who wrote those lines, was then twenty-one, on a walking tour with his friend Hucks, trying to construct Pantisocracy and forget Mary Evans. For one 'of little or no literature' the Man of Ross did not do so badly.

As I walked up and down Ross's streets, I came to the conclusion that there is a vacancy for a new Man. The town could do with a very thorough overhauling. Memorials to the honor of Kyrle are, as I have said, everywhere, but of the fire of his civic zeal there are no embers: Ross is dingy and decayed. The reward of the traveler comes, however, at the top of the hill, which is suddenly discovered to be a bluff above 'pleased Vaga,' and some miles of rich valley are at one's feet. But when Pope suggests that 'rapid Severn's hoarse applause' can be heard here, he again goes too far. The rapid Severn is many miles away.

If, however, John Kyrle's name in Ross seems now to be honored rather platonically or commercially than in emulation, it is an active stimulus elsewhere. When, in 1876, the late Miranda Hill addressed a public letter to 'Those who love Beautiful Things,' and called upon her readers to help in getting more sweetness and light into the homes of the poor, and particularly the city-dwelling poor, the response took the form of a Society to which the name of John Kyrle was (at the suggestion of Mr. Benjamin Nattalie) given: the Kyrle Society. During its many years of activity, the Kyrle Society has done much to realize the idealism of its founders — for with Miranda Hill was associated her sister, the late Octavia Hill, that indomitable fighter for all that is good and ameliorative in life, whom, in her serene old age I used often to see walking on that height above Crookham Hill, which her energies acquired for the nation as an open space forever. In a speech

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which she made at one of the meetings of the Kyrle Society not long before her death, Octavia Hill thus summed up certain of the needs which the organization hoped and strove to supply. 'Men, women, and children,' she said, 'want more than food, shelter, and warmth. They want, if their lives are to be full and good, space near their homes for exercise, quiet, good air, and sight of grass, trees, and flowers; they want color, which shall cheer them in the midst of smoke and fog; they want music, which shall contrast with the rattle of the motors and lift their hearts to praise and joy; they want suggestion of nobler and better things than those that surround them day by day . . . I assure you that I believe these things have more influence on the spirit than we are at all accustomed to remember. They cultivate a sense of dignity and self-respect, as well as breaking the monotony of life.' These things has the Kyrle Society dispensed and will continue to dispense, among its countless and noble activities. It is pleasant to think that that stolid old Man of Ross, in this new incarnation, has become so imaginatively sympathetic. How little can he ever have thought of this transmutation of his kindly busybodydom into something so fine and rare. But it was a true instinct which set his ancient name on the modern banner.

The Kings's Highway

THE MOTH

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Isled in the midnight air,
Musked with the dark's faint bloom,
Out into glooming and secret haunts
The flame cries, 'Come!'

Lovely in dye and fan,
A-tremble in shimmering grace,
A moth from her winter swoon
Uplifts her face:

Stares from her glamorous eyes;
Wafts her on plumes like mist;
In ecstasy swirls and sways
To her strange tryst.

The Westminster Gazette

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THE WORLD'S SUGAR SUPPLIES

In view of the fact that at the close of the year the British Sugar Commission ends its work, and that prices will afterward be governed by open market conditions, more than usual interest attaches to the reports of the present crop and the estimates of the world's supplies. Indications point to there being plenty of sugar in the world to meet normal requirements, though he would, indeed, be a rash person who went so far as to prohesy a return to pre-war values, or even a substantial reduction in the prices, which have steadily risen during the past five years.

The United Kingdom is one of the greatest sugar-consuming countries, and, unlike the majority of others, is entirely dependent upon imports for its supplies. Before the war those imports of cane and beet, refined and unrefined, were rapidly approaching the round figure of 2,000,000 tons a year. This approximately represents a consumption which was exceeded in bulk only by the United States and British India, with Germany and Russia occupying fourth and fifth positions. The average annual consumption in the five years' period 1908–13 for the world is estimated at 15,850,000 tons, the principal consuming countries being America 3,400,000 tons, British India 2,830,000 tons, United Kingdom 1,800,000 tons, Germany 1,460,000 tons, Russia 1,180,000 tons, Austria-Hungary 680,000 tons, and France 643,000 tons.

On the basis of population, the United Kingdom was an easy first in the average consumption per head, with America next. A curious fact is that while the world's supplies averaged nearly 16,000,000 tons a year, the exportable surplus of producing countries averaged only 5,333,333 tons, of which the United States absorbed 50 per cent, Great Britain 34 per cent, and British India 11 per cent. Notwithstanding that India produced more sugar than any other country, it was not self-supporting, having to import 20 per cent of requirements, principally from Mauritius, Java, and Austria-Hungary. On the other hand, the United States, with great resources, produced only 23 per cent of requirements, and imported very largely from the West Indies. Of European countries, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, France, and Holland all produced a varying surplus for export.

Before the war the United Kingdom's requirements were supplied to the extent of 96 per cent from foreign countries, and 4 per cent from British possessions, fully half of the former being derived from Germany, and a fifth from Austria-Hungary. In 1913, for instance, our net imports of sugar were 1,968,760 tons, of which Germany sent 936,900 tons and Austria-Hungary 358,922 tons — in all, 1,295,822 tons, or just 66 per cent of the total net imports. It will be readily gathered that when war cut off these sources of supply the United Kingdom found itself in a very tight position, and had to turn to other quarters to supplement the 34 per cent left. Cuba, which in pre-war years sent us about 200,000 tons, was appealed to, and increased her export to the United Kingdom to as much as 700,000 tons in 1917, while the British West Indies, Peru, and

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America were all drawn upon for larger quantities. In the circumstances of a world shortage, due principally to the exclusion of German and Austrian sugar, and the difficulties attaching to overseas transport, it could not be expected that normal supplies could be assured. Great Britain, nevertheless, did very well, and managed to import 70 to 75 per cent of the quantity she might otherwise have imported, as the following returns of net imports will show:

	Tons	C. I. F. Values
1913	2,969,255	£23,036,621
1914	1,984,074	32,073,077
1915	1,480,263	31,862,563
1916	1,529,160	37,271,340
1917	1,386,793	36,685,807
1918	1,306,109	34,368,147

By way of illustrating the increase in value, it may be noted that the average cost per hundredweight in 1913 was 11*s.* 8*d.*; in 1918 it had advanced to 26*s.* 3*d.* per hundredweight. Imports to the United Kingdom this year so far show a fair improvement on the previous two years, total to hand in the eight months January-August being returned at 1,123,107 tons, against 908,013 tons and 960,600 tons in the corresponding periods of 1917 and 1918 respectively. Should the remaining four months of the year maintain the same level, we may expect to receive about 1,700,000 tons, or 400,000 tons more than in 1918. Incidentally, it may be said that less than 20,000 tons of this year's imports came from Europe. Cuba, however, heads the list with, in round figures, over 400,000 tons, Java following with 225,000 tons, the United States 150,000 tons, Mauritius 135,000 tons, and the West Indies 92,000 tons.

With regard to future supplies, the outlook is by no means altogether unsatisfactory, the estimates of the present world's crop being about half a million tons above the pre-war average, but about the same quantity below 1917 yield, and 800,000 tons behind last year.

Cuba now leads the way in sugar production, the present crop being equal to 25 per cent of the world's supply, and at least 100 per cent more than her pre-war production. Before the war British India and Germany were first and second, respectively, with Cuba third. The dislocation occasioned by the war, however, was responsible for great changes. The cutting off of Germany and Austria-Hungary had the effect of stimulating production in other quarters. British India increased her sugar production in 1918 by 50 per cent over her pre-war average, and had a surplus for export. The present crop appears to have fallen back to about the old level, and if it realizes no more than the estimate, she will have need to import half a million tons to meet consumptive requirements. The estimates of the production of Germany and Austria-Hungary approximate to normal home consumption, so that it seems unlikely that either of these countries, upon whose surplus we relied to so large an extent, will have anything of the present crop to export, unless their own peoples deny themselves. The shortage in these two countries represents a difference of 1,460,000 tons in the world's supply. Russia's crop is put down at half pre-war average, and equal to about 50 per cent of Russia's normal consumption, while France, which previously was self-supplying and had a small surplus of 30,000 to 40,000 tons for export, will have to import about 600,000 tons. In other words, Europe, including the United Kingdom, will require over 6,000,000 tons of sugar, and will produce only half that quantity. The falling off in European production is, however, offset by the greater output of Cuba, as

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already noted, by Java, the United States, Japan, and others who have increased their crops. It may be added that the Royal Commission on sugar, coöperating with the American Food Administration, formed an International Sugar Committee, and arranged to buy the entire Cuban crops of 1917–18 and 1918–19, the United States taking about two thirds of the production, and the Royal Commission the remaining third.

The extent to which sugar from beet has played a part in the world's sugar supplies may be seen in the fact that in the five-year period preceding the war it amounted to 45 per cent; this year it is estimated at only 27 per cent. Owing to our drawing so largely upon Germany and Austria-Hungary, our nearest sources of supply, about two thirds of the sugar consumed in the United Kingdom in other days was beet sugar. Latterly, owing to the change in the sources of supply, it has been preponderatingly cane sugar, the production of which by places within the British Empire increased from 3,275,500 tons in 1913–14 to 4,384,100 tons in 1917–18, when it formed one fourth of the world's supply. Germany, her export market gone, had, according to the President of the German Industrial Sugar Users, an area under beet in 1918 of only 367,000 hectares (hectare equals 2.47 acres), as against 569,000 hectares in 1914, or, roughly, a decrease of 35 per cent.

Will the industry revive in Germany and Austria-Hungary and assume pre-war extent, or will the dislocation which the war occasioned, and the development of cane sugar growing prove too heavy a handicap? In other words, will beet sugar successfully compete with cane sugar? Recently it was stated at a meeting of the British Society of the Chemical Industries that the British Empire, with about 3,500,000 acres under sugar, mostly cane, produced less than Germany and Austria-Hungary combined from less than half that area under beet. Of course, Germany, since it wrested the lead from France after the Franco-German war, had made great progress in improving the sugar content of the beetroot, which in the early days of the industry was only 6 to 8 per cent, while it is said the roots of the 1909 harvest contained an average of 17.63 per cent.

Efforts have been made in this country to induce farmers to grow beet for sugar, but in view of the cheapness of imported sugar, it has not been demonstrated to be a sound commercial proposition. Apparently, the United Kingdom has a long way to go before it can establish a successful beet sugar industry. A regular supply of roots and coöperation between grower and manufacturer would appear to be essential, and not less important, the cultivation of the beet to insure the highest standard of quality. Investigation of 375 samples of sugar beet grown in the United Kingdom proved them to be in composition and purity above the average of those grown on the Continent, but it was reported that in other respects British-grown roots were so defective that it would be impossible to deal with them in a factory. The report of the society added that 'until greater attention is bestowed on the culture of sugar beet it cannot be asserted that sugar beet can be grown in the United Kingdom equal to those furnished on the Continent.'

Sweden, by the way, is successfully cultivating sugar beet, the area under beet this year being 36,034 hectares, or 14 per cent greater than in 1918. With an average harvest it is anticipated that this year's production will suffice to meet most of Sweden's needs.

The Economist

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TALK OF EUROPE

The *Liberté*, recalling M. Poincaré's intention not to renew his candidature for the Presidency when his term of office expires five months hence, mentions that the President of the Republic will have to look about him for a future residence, as all the houses possessed by him have been rendered uninhabitable by the Germans. His villa at Sampigny, which stands in the midst of a beautiful park, received 50 shells. Another house, a few hundred yards away, which the President had purchased for the officials of his household, will also have to be almost entirely reconstructed. M. Poincaré's family house at Nubécourt was entirely wrecked by the explosion of a French motor-lorry carrying petrol. Finally, the President's little house at Bar-le-Duc was bombarded by aircraft. It is estimated that the pleasure which the Germans took in destroying Presidential property cost them about £40,000.

The *Strassburger Neue Zeitung* publishes, in a recent issue, some extracts from a pamphlet, which, it declares, was circulated during the last days of the war by Herr Thyssen, the well-known Rhenish ironmaster. The pamphlet goes to show that the ex-Kaiser had fully developed his war policy in 1912. The document, which was written before the revolution in Germany, is all the more convincing from the fact that the author plainly admits his own complicity, and seems to awaken to a consciousness of guilt when his own moneybags are threatened. After stating that his revelations are made with a view to opening the eyes of the German business world, Herr Thyssen proceeds:

When the Hohenzollerns wished to insure the support of the industrial and commercial world for the carrying out of their plans, the latter were placed before us as a simple business proposition. We were invited to support the Kaiser's war policy because it would be a profitable business for ourselves. I admit at once that I gave my assent to the war plan of the Hohenzollerns when it was laid before the leading business men of Germany in 1912–13. I was forced to this decision, as a matter of fact, against my own will. In 1912 the house of Hohenzollern regarded war as a necessity for the maintenance of the military system, upon the power of which the dynasty was based. At that time the Imperial house could have directed the country's foreign policy along lines which would have insured peace for at least fifty years. But a prolongation of peace would have meant the collapse of the military system, and in the end would have involved the downfall of the Hohenzollern power.

This was clearly recognized by the Kaiser and his family, and in 1912 they were decided upon a war of conquest. In order to conduct such a war to a successful conclusion, however, they had to make themselves sure of the support of the business and industrial world of Germany. Efforts were made to secure this, and the advantages which a war would entail were painted in glowing colors. When one considers the events since August, 1914, these promises can only be regarded as ludicrous; but at that time the great majority among us believed in their realization.

To me personally, says Thyssen, 30,000 acres of land in Australia were promised, as well as a loan of 3,000,000 at 3 per cent for their exploitation. Other houses were promised economic concessions in India, if that country were conquered by Germany in 1915. A syndicate of 12 big firms had subscribed a capital of 400,000,000 for the exploitation of Canada. Approaches were made to every branch of the business world. Heavy indemnities were to be imposed on the vanquished peoples, thus relieving the fortunate German business men from any burden of taxation for many years.

These promises were not made frivolously. On the Kaiser's orders they were set forth in the fullest detail by Bethmann-

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Hollweg, in the course of various conferences with the business world, and in many instances were personally given. I have already mentioned the promise to me of 30,000 acres in Australia. Similar promises were made to at least 80 other business men and reduced to writing at special conferences arranged by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. On three separate occasions they were confirmed by the Kaiser himself when, in 1912 and 1913, he attended big private meetings of the business world in Berlin, Munich, and Cassel. I was present at one of these meetings. The Kaiser delivered one of his flamboyant speeches, and if only one half of his promises had been realized most of the business men of Germany would have been enriched beyond the dreams even of the most avaricious among them.

The Kaiser waxed particularly enthusiastic over the prospect of the conquest of India. 'We will not only occupy India,' he said, 'we will conquer it, and the heavy tribute which England has raised from the native princes will, after our conquest, flow to Germany like a golden river. In the richest lands of the world the German flag will wave above all others.' In conclusion, the Kaiser said: 'I do not make you promises that cannot be kept. They will be kept if you are prepared to make the sacrifices which are necessary in order to bring our country into the position to which she is entitled in the world, and which she will hold. Whoever refuses his support is a traitor to Germany. Whoever voluntarily gives his support will reap a rich reward.'

Herr Thyssen says that all this sounded very attractive, and although some of those present doubted the possibility of conquering the world in a year, most of them accepted the Kaiser's plans. Later they wished they had not been so credulous. Instead of a swift victory the war only brought constantly increasing burdens, and eventual ruin.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

George Saunders, scholar and student of politics, was for many years the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*.

* * *

Louis Latzarus is a distinguished French critic and journalist.

* * *

Lewis Melville (L. S. Benjamin) has long made a special study of Thackeray's life and works. He is the author of a Thackeray biography and the editor of an edition.

* * *

Walter de la Mare and **Laurence Binyon,** poets and men of letters, are well known to readers of THE LIVING AGE.

* * *

Archibald Hurd is a distinguished civilian critic of naval affairs.

* * *

E. V. Lucas is the author of several charming books of essays; among them being *The Open Road* and *The Friendly Town*.

* * *

Edith Sitwell and her brother, Osbert Sitwell, are the leaders of the 'advanced' school of modern British verse.

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MANDOLINE

BY EDITH SITWELL

Down in Hell's gilded street
Snow dances fleet and sweet
Bright as a parokeet.

Or Punchinello,
All glistening yellow
As fruit-jewels mellow,

Glittering white and black
As the swan's glossy back
On the Styx's soundless track,

Sharp as bird's painted bill
Pecking sweet fruit and shrill
On a dark window sill.

See the glass house, as smooth
As a wide puppet booth,
Snow strikes it like a sooth.

Melon-shaped mandoline —
Twanged with the shriek and sheen
Of flames that cry: 'Unclean.'

Dinah with scarlet ruche
Jay-plumaged Fanfreluche
Watch, shrill as Scaramouche.

In the wide house of glass
Old shadows bent alas
On ebon sticks, now pass:

Lean on a nigger boy,
Creep like a broken toy
(Wooden and painted joy),

Soundless as any breeze
Amber and orangeries
From isles in Indian seas.

Black spangled veils falling
(The cold is appalling)
They wave fans, hear calling.

Adder flames flaring slow
Stinging bright fruit-like snow
Down in the street below,

While an ape with black spangled veil
Plum'd headdress, face dust-pale,
Scratched with a finger-nail.
Sounds from a mandoline
Tuneless and sharp as sin:
Shutters whose tang and sheen

Shrieking all down the scale
Seem like those flames that fail
Under that onyx nail,

Light as snow dancing fleet
Bright as a parokeet,
Down in Hell's gilded street.

Art and Letters

THE LOOK

BY GERTRUDE PITT

As I were climbin' Jacob's Tor,
A soldier-lad came ridin' doun:
He stopped an' passed the time o' day
An' asked how far to Plymouth toun.

I told him, that were all: he took
The path that goes toward the sea.
I turned to watch him out o' sight—
An' he were lookin' back at me.

He waited. Like a stone I stood,
Shamed to be caught, yet somehow bound
To give him look for look: his lips
Moved as to speak, but made no sound.

It seemed a life-time we did look:
As drounin' folk may do, they say,
I thought of every little thing
I'd ever done. He rode away.

Tremblin' an' smilin' I did sit,
And watched the larks an hour or more
Fly up against the golden light
Wi' songs I'd never heard avore.

. . . . . .

Jan's heavy breathin' by my side—
All else be quiet and still. I fret
And long for day. How can I sleep
When tears do make my pillow wet?

The Bookman

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